

PIONEERS OF PROGRESS

STORIES OF SOCIAL HISTORY

1750-1920

by

C. S. S. HIGHAM, M.A.

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PREFACE

THESE stories aim at telling, in simple style, something of the great changes which have taken place in social conditions during the last two centuries. The first chapter sketches the background against which the rest of the stories are told. The stories themselves are arranged roughly in chronological order, though of necessity there is much overlapping.

In the stories the stress is not laid on material change, and those chapters which do deal with material improvements, do so from a social rather than from an economic point of view. The main emphasis is rather on the development of moral ideas, and the resultant changes, either in law, as in the case of the Abolition of Slavery, or else in custom, as is seen in the growth of the nursing services under the inspiration of Florence Nightingale.

Whenever possible the story is built round the name of the man or woman who led the movement, and to bring the point home, attempts are made to contrast the times described with modern conditions. Throughout the early part of the book attention is focussed on purely British heroes and heroines, but towards the end the interest is broadened to include tales of Livingstone's work in Africa, of Andrew Carnegie and his libraries, and lastly, of the founding of the League of Nations.

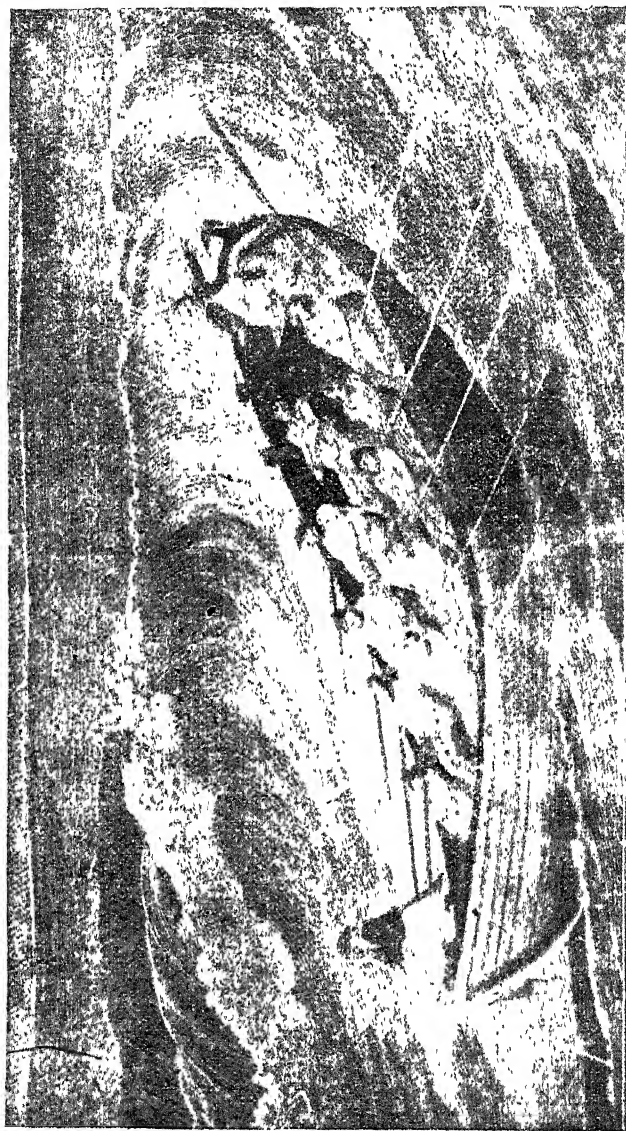
It is hoped that these little sketches may awaken interest in the different people who served their generation faithfully, in such diverse ways, and thus form an introduction to an important and fascinating, but often neglected, aspect of modern history.

In a small book of this sort lengthy acknowledgments would be out of place. I am, of course, indebted to the standard works, but I must specially acknowledge my debt to the following books:—

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THE "ORIGINAL."

This was the first life-boat ever built

PIONEERS OF PROGRESS

PROLOGUE

THE story of History is the story of changing times. There is a well-known proverb which says, "Happy is the country which has no history." This means that a country which has no violent changes, no wars, nor sudden inventions to upset the peaceful living of its people, is indeed happy.

In the far-distant past when men knew little of the arts and crafts, and lived with skins upon their backs, and nothing but stone implements to help them in their work, things changed but slowly. It is true that these people lived and loved, and fought and died, as people did in later times. Yet it took hundreds and even thousands of years for them to change the shape of their tools, to discover the way to cultivate the ground and to make cloth for dresses, to weave baskets and to make pottery.

We know very little about them, for they could not write, and so no written records of these changes have come down to us. We only know of how they lived and died from the remains of their tools and pottery, and the bones from their dinners, which we find still hidden away in the caves where they used to live, or buried in the ruins of their old villages. So we speak of these times as pre-historic, they are the times before History.

As man developed, and as he learned to use the forge, and to make tools and weapons of bronze and then of iron, so he gradually began to make more use of Nature. When he learnt at last to write by carving signs on stones, or making marks on soft clay tablets and then baking them, or even by writing with ink on paper or papyrus, he left us the written record of his doings.

Thus History as we know it began, and we can trace the many changes as they took place. We know the names of kings and great priests, we hear of huge armies and their conquests, and of sieges of towns, and terrible disasters, such as famines and floods. Yet we know only little of the common people and how they lived and what they thought. But when we come to the bright civilisation of Greek and Roman times, we know a great deal more. For these peoples were great thinkers and writers, and we have preserved for us copies of very many of their books. In some ways we feel more in touch with these peoples and their history than we do with any other people, until the days, more than a thousand years later, when printing was invented.

For us in England the story of our country starts with the coming of the Romans, and after they had left our land we hear of one invasion after another, until the day when Norman William made himself king of England. After that we know the story of the kings and their wars in England, France, and Scotland, and later their struggle with Parliament, and the growth of the British nation. Through all this long story of

English history we usually think but little of the English people; we pay most attention to the king and his government, to what is called Political History.

Yet nowadays we are becoming more and more interested in another side of the story. We want to know how the people lived and worked, how they made their goods, and how they bought and sold them, how they travelled, how they were clothed, and what they ate and drank. This we call Social or Economic History, and if we ask why it is so much the fashion today, the answer is quite clear. Today there are so many difficult problems in our social life, in the crowded homes of the working people, and in the factories and workshops, that every one wants to study the past to see how these difficulties arose. Then they hope they may be better able to find the answer to the problems.

There is one strange thing which we must notice. The changes in the everyday life of the ordinary people in England for a thousand years or more were very slight in comparison with the changes which have taken place in the last two hundred years or so. After all, a couple of hundred years ago people travelled afoot or on horseback, or possibly in a coach, along roads many of which had been built by the Romans, and they travelled not much faster than people did in Roman times. Today we have trains and motors, trams and buses, steamships, and even the aeroplane.

In the country village two centuries ago, the local farmer ploughed his fields and reaped his

corn much as he had done for many centuries. His clothes were spun and woven by his good wife from home-grown wool, or made in a neighbouring cottage on a hand-loom, such as had been in use time out of mind. Today he wears a cotton shirt made in a Lancashire factory from cotton grown across the seas in the United States. He sends his milk in metal churns to the London dairy combine, and manures his fields with chemicals brought from distant South America. At night he sits listening with his wireless to music played a hundred miles or more away.

These are just samples of the many changes which we see all about us. It is in the last two hundred years that the greatest changes have taken place, though their causes stretch far into the past. But in these two centuries the whole life of England was completely changed. If you stroll through an English village today you will see the little group of cottages, with a shop or two and the school, grouped around the church. Far out beyond, the land is divided into many different fields by ordered lines of well-kept hedge and ditch. Here and there lie the groups of farm buildings where live the farmers in the middle of their fields, cultivating their land each as he thinks best.

In the past it would have been very different; no small, separate fields, no hedges, but instead a vast number of narrow strips of land divided by little ridges, and arranged in three great open fields. Here almost every man in the village would have his share of the land, some with many strips and some with few. All would have to

grow the same crops at the same time, and each would have to help the other in seed-time, and in harvest. The great change which concentrated each man's strips into a single holding (often divided into several small fields) we call the "Enclosure Movement." It did something else as well; it made the poor man who had only a few strips give up his land, for he could not cultivate them profitably in the new way. So most of the villagers lost their land, and became agricultural labourers, working on other men's farms for wages, instead of cultivating their own land. This change had been going on for a long time, but it was practically completed about a hundred years ago.

Another important change occurred in the towns. If you take a tram from the centre of any big city in the North of England, you will pass through crowded streets full of lorries bringing goods to and from the factories. Beneath factories with lighted windows floor above floor you go, and further out the tram rattles past high tenements or row after row of mean streets, where scores of families live, often each in a single room.

Such towns did not exist two hundred years ago. Then there were few big towns in England at all, and many towns had still some fields belonging to the townsmen, who were often partly farmers. There were no great factories, for wool was spun and cloth was woven in the country cottages or the small homes of the towns. Almost everything else, boots and shoes, pots

and pans, chairs and tables, brushes or candles, were made by small masters working with a few apprentices, who might in turn hope to become masters themselves. And things were usually sold direct to the customer by the man who made them ; there were no big shops where you could buy whatever you needed in one department or another. All this was much simpler, and in some ways perhaps better, than what we see today.

The great change came about through the many new inventions which helped people to make things much more quickly than they could before. When the new machines were being made men wanted to find some other power to drive them than men's hands or feet, and at first they made use of water. Then came the steam engine, and since the new machinery was so expensive, only the rich or prosperous could afford it. Thus the new machines were grouped together in factories where the steam engine could drive them, and all around there sprang up the little houses where the poorer people lived who had to work in the factory all day long. Before men realised what had happened, large towns had grown up, a new society had arisen, and it was full of new difficulties and new problems.

The stories in this book are all about people who lived during the last two hundred years. They show how men tried to make life better for their fellows, and to find a way out of these new difficulties. We shall see how men's ideas gradually changed, and how those changes led to better treatment and greater kindness as between man and man. Some of the stories tell of how

poor woman who is sick. Then with spurs to his horse he hurries on to the little inn, where he meets his fellow-doctors for dinner. After a merry chat and a bottle of wine, someone reads a learned paper, and hot discussion follows. Later in the evening he plays his violin or flute, or perhaps he visits some neighbour's house, where he takes his share in a duet.

Next morning he is up early, for there is much to do. He is busy writing his paper on the cuckoo, and must see the young boy who is watching the bird for him, and tells him (not always correctly, alas) about that wicked bird's strange habits. Then off on his rounds again with a call on his parson brother for dinner and a chat. So the days passed peacefully away in the little village of Berkeley, for Jenner was a modest, retiring man and loved his quiet country life. Yet by the time he was fifty this country doctor had become world famous, for it was Jenner who discovered vaccination.

It is hard for us nowadays, when smallpox is so rare a disease, with all sorts of strict rules to prevent its spread, to realise what a terrible scourge it used to be. Yet before Jenner's time smallpox was almost as common as measles is today, but of course far more dangerous. It left those of its victims who got well covered with disfiguring scars.

Smallpox was to be found in all big towns, as well as in the country. There were no isolation hospitals for the sick people, and doctors did not know how to treat it, or how to prevent people from catching the infection. So common was the

disease that advertisements were put in the papers for servants who had had "the sickness." Children were often put to bed with others who were sick, so that they might be infected and get over the trouble of the disease once and for all. It was rare to see a lady whose beauty was not spoilt by smallpox scars, and very many died from it every year.

The story of Jenner's discovery is a romance. When quite a young man, while still apprenticed to a doctor in the country, he was interested in a local rumour which said that dairy-maids who had suffered from a disease called the cowpox, could never catch the worse disease of smallpox. He tried hard to find out if this were true, especially when later he went to London, to continue his studies at St. George's Hospital, as a pupil of the great Doctor Hunter. But nothing was known of this theory, and though Hunter encouraged his inquiries he could not help him at all. So when at last Jenner went back to his own country, a qualified doctor, to begin practice, he still had to study this question for himself, though he now had all the new knowledge from his work in London to help him.

It was more than twenty years after he had commenced working as a doctor in the country that Jenner got his opportunity. One day a young dairy-maid came to him with a sore on her hand, which she had caught from a sick cow. Jenner recognised it as cowpox. Now at last he could make his great experiment. It was a little boy of eight, Jimmie Phipps, who was his lucky victim. Jenner took him on his knee, and making a small

scratch with a sharp knife, he vaccinated him with some of the germs of the cowpox. Of course he soon developed cowpox, but this was a slight disease, and the boy was well again in a few days.

Now came the real test; was Jimmie free from any chance of infection from smallpox? Jenner inoculated him with smallpox to see, and the little boy remained quite well; he never caught the terrible disease. It may seem to us a risky chance that Jenner took, but we must remember that in those days children were often given smallpox on purpose so that they might get the illness over quickly. Jenner did some more experiments to make quite sure, and then he wrote and published his famous paper which told the wonderful news.

Soon after this Jenner went up to London, where all the doctors, and the other people too, were immensely interested in his work. Some believed in his new cure, but to others it seemed too good to be true. At first Jenner could find no one who was willing to be vaccinated as a test. Very soon, however, people began to accept his ideas, and there was such a rush to be vaccinated that Jenner was kept busy answering letters and arranging for the proper material to be used. Although England was at war with the great Napoleon, this did not prevent the news from spreading all over Europe, and soon even to France itself. Vaccination quickly became known in Spain and Portugal, the news was taken to Turkey and to Greece by English visitors. All the sailors of the British Fleet were vaccinated, and the medical officers promptly presented

Jenner with a gold medal to show their thankfulness for his work.

The different foreign countries were quick to recognise the importance of vaccination. They had been scourged by smallpox, and now they welcomed the chance of relief. It was only five years after the first publication of Jenner's discovery that Spain sent a special expedition round the world to spread the news in Spanish America and the other Spanish colonies. In some places there were religious processions to encourage people to be vaccinated, and in others special sermons were preached urging people to make use of God's new gift.

An interesting story tells how highly the great Napoleon valued Jenner's work. After the short Peace of Amiens war broke out again between England and France, and several important Englishmen who happened to be travelling in France were held as prisoners, but at Jenner's request Napoleon promptly let them go free. In the neighbouring country of Germany, Jenner's birthday, or the day on which he vaccinated Jimmie Phipps, was for several years kept as a national holiday.

Personal honours were showered on Jenner; a ring from the Empress of Russia, a service of silver plate from his brother doctors, and two grants of money from Parliament. When the kings who had defeated Napoleon came to London after the war was over, Jenner was presented to them all. At Oxford he was granted the degree of M.D., but the old fogies of the College of Physicians would not allow him to be

a member unless he passed an examination in the classics. But Jenner had forgotten all his Latin and Greek since leaving school. To rub it up again would be "intolerable beyond belief," he said; and added, "I would not do it for worlds."

Jenner's great work was recognised in his own day, but it was even more important than he or any of his friends realised, because it turned men's minds to new ideas about the causes of disease. With the help of the microscope it was at last discovered that many diseases are caused by tiny microbes in the blood. So with the aid of different inoculation it is possible to bring "antitoxins" into the body which will fight and destroy the unhealthy germs. Still the discovery of smallpox vaccination was enough for one pioneer. Even within Jenner's life-time it was made compulsory in some countries, but not in England till thirty years after his death. There were, however, some people who did not believe in his ideas, as there are still, and England, which always prides itself on being the land of liberty, altered this law, so that no one who "conscientiously objected" was forced to have his child vaccinated.

One thing we do know, and that is that smallpox, which used to be a regular scourge in this country, has practically disappeared. Most people believe that this is due to vaccination. Now almost every baby is vaccinated as soon as it is a few weeks old, and older children and even grown-ups are often vaccinated a second time when there is any rumour of an outbreak of smallpox. So it is quite common nowadays to see a little red ribbon round someone's arm; and

when we see it we can think of Edward Jenner and Jimmie Phipps and be thankful.

[Jenner, 1749-1823. James Phipps vaccinated, 1796. Vaccination compulsory in England, 1853. Law provides for "conscientious objection" by the parent, 1898.]

CHAPTER II

The Freeing of the Slaves

EVERY one has heard of the Slave Trade, but if we would realise what a terrible thing it was, we must picture to ourselves the way in which it worked. At home in England the merchants would subscribe their money and fit out their ships to sail for the west coast of Africa. Here the ship called at a little fortified post, where lived an Englishman whose duty it was to collect the slaves. These wretched people were often brought down to the coast by Arab traders, who had raided and burnt some peaceful village, and seized its inhabitants to sell them as slaves.

Aboard ship the negroes were stowed away in narrow rooms between decks, so close that they could hardly move, and fettered with irons on their legs. At times they were brought on deck and forced to jump and dance for exercise, with a whip to encourage them if they were not lively. The horrors of the voyage, the "Middle Passage," became famous, and very many of the negroes died from the bad conditions aboard ship. But the traders in England grew rich, and in Liverpool and Bristol there are still stories told of these slave-trading days.

In America the slaves were sold to their new masters, and many were taken to the English colonies, where they had to work hard, growing sugar and tobacco. Here, again, they were often cruelly treated, for though some masters were kind, many slaves were controlled by a paid overseer, who got all the work he could from them, and flogged them if they displeased him. Worst of all, perhaps, was the fact that children of slaves were slaves themselves for life.

To us today these things seem abominable, but we must remember that men's ideas change slowly. In early times the Greeks and Romans had their slaves, and did not think it wrong. So in later days when slavery grew up in the American colonies, people at first paid little attention to it. Yet gradually a change of feeling did come about; a few people here and there, and especially the Quakers, began to teach that slavery was wrong. It was a horrible thing, they felt, for one man to own another, or to keep him chained up like an animal. So a small group of men formed a society to work for the abolition of the slave trade. Later some hoped to end slavery itself.

In England they had an uphill task. Little was seen here of the horrors of which these people talked. Some rich colonist, back from the West Indies, might bring his negro footman with him, but Sambo would be a great favourite, kindly treated, and rather an amusing fellow. Ladies of fashion delighted to be waited on by a little black page, with scarlet coat and bright buttons. But there was another side to the picture. From time to time a slave would escape,

and Englishmen, who always boasted about their love of liberty, thought it strange to see the masters dragging these men back by force.

Then one day a great event happened in London. James Somerset, a negro servant, ran away, and when his master tried to seize him, appealed to the law. The judge protected him, and declared that no one could be a slave in England. This meant that no master in England could keep a slave against his will. Yet it needed more than this to make a real change. For the slave ships were still taking their cargoes across to America every year, and there were still many thousands in slavery across the seas. It needed some great man to make people realise what terrible things were still being done, and so force Parliament to bring them to an end. The man who did this work was William Wilberforce.

When Edward Jenner was ten years old, there was born in Hull another little boy, who was to become just as famous as Jenner, but in a different way. This was William Wilberforce. He was the son of wealthy parents, so that all through his life he had everything he could desire, as far as money was concerned. From school he went up to Cambridge to finish his education, but he did not work very hard there, and when only twenty-one he was elected to Parliament by his own city of Hull.

Wilberforce was a little man, with a big head, masses of hair and a pleasant, smiling face, who made friends with everyone he met. The world was kind to him and he enjoyed it to the full, whether joking or "foining," as he called it, or



WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

This picture which shows Wilberforce as an old man, was begun by the artist Lawrence but never completed.

singing at a party, or talking late with his great friend, the young William Pitt. Wilberforce was interested in everything, and led a busy and amusing life. It seemed as if there was nothing to distinguish him from his crowd of gay young friends.

Then at twenty-eight there came a sudden change. He became close friends with an earnest



AN IRON SLAVE COLLAR

clergyman named Milner, and with other serious men, and he soon began to feel that he was wasting his powers. He wanted to find some great work to do in life. It was then that the Abolition Society managed to interest Wilberforce in their plans. In his diary he wrote: "God Almighty has set before me two great objects, the suppression of the slave trade and the reformation of manners." From that day to the last year of his life Wilberforce devoted himself to his chosen task, and led the campaign against slavery.

At first it seemed that he would succeed quickly, for his friend Pitt, who was now Prime Minister, helped him. Wilberforce sent to the ports to discover the real truth about the slave trade, for

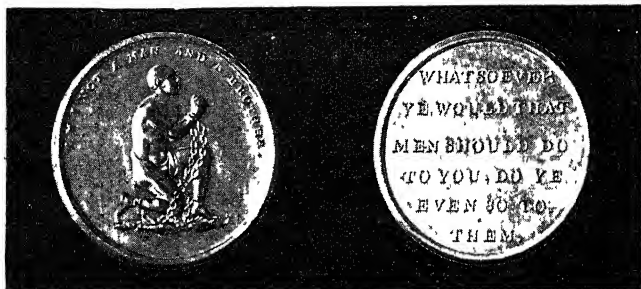
he wished to be able to make people understand the horrors which were going on. At Liverpool, particularly, his messengers found much to interest them. There in the shops were to be seen shackles and leg irons, and even metal mouth-openers to force the slaves to eat. Clarkson, Wilberforce's friend, was unpopular with the slave traders of Liverpool, and he was nearly flung into the river from the pier head.

Then the question came before Parliament, and Wilberforce made a great speech, in which he tried to persuade the House of Commons to abolish the trade. All his friends, including Pitt himself, spoke in its favour, but those who were interested in the trade and had money in it managed to get the business postponed. This was a terrible disappointment to Wilberforce, and he soon found that he had a more difficult task than he at first supposed.

For now the French Revolution broke out, and soon England was at war with France, so that Pitt could not give any more time to Wilberforce and his plans. Another difficulty came too, for in one of the French West Indian islands the slaves rose and slaughtered their French masters, and this made English people very frightened of any change.

Yet the reformers did not lose heart, and they worked hard to rouse public opinion, and to make people who had never been out of England realise what the slave trade really was. Books and pamphlets were published telling about it. Poems were written and sung as hymns, and some people even wore brooches with a picture of a negro on

them. Despite all this agitation, nothing more could be done in Parliament at present.



A MEDAL STRUCK TO HELP THE AGITATION AGAINST SLAVERY.

So Wilberforce and his friends turned their attention to other schemes. The most famous was the foundation of the settlement of Sierra Leone, in Africa, with its capital of Freetown. Here were sent all the poor negroes who had escaped from their masters and drifted into the slums of London. Later it was used as a home for slaves rescued by the ships of the British Navy from private slave ships. To this day it is a British colony.

Meanwhile, the great plan was not forgotten. Year after year Wilberforce reminded Parliament of the question. Sometimes he was listened to with respect, at others the members went to the opera instead. At length, after many years of waiting, his patience was rewarded. Pitt was now dead, worn out with the long war with France and another Government was in power which favoured Wilberforce's schemes. At last

the new law was passed which abolished the slave trade as far as Englishmen were concerned.

This was the first great step; the trade was illegal. Now no more negroes could be brought as slaves to any English colony, and no Englishmen might carry slaves to any land at all. Then Wilberforce set himself to the greater task of freeing the slaves themselves. This was more difficult, because the slaves were the property of the farmers in the colonies, who feared they would be ruined if their slaves were no longer forced to work for them. Englishmen, too, were very particular to respect the rights of private property. Still Wilberforce had one thing in his favour; his long years of work against the slave trade had at last convinced people that slavery itself was evil.

Once more the agitation went on, and though as Wilberforce grew older he had to hand over the main work to other men, yet he lived to see the triumph of their work. In the very year in which he died a new law was passed, by which all the slaves in the British Empire were set free. And Parliament was ready to pay for this great reform. Twenty million pounds was voted as compensation to the masters of the slaves, so that they should not be ruined by the change.

For Wilberforce the end was near. In the course of the debates a speaker exclaimed: "When Mr. Wilberforce hears of it, he may well exclaim, 'Lord, now lettest Thy servant depart in peace'." And though he was ill, Wilberforce was full of joy. "Thank God," he exclaimed, "that I should have lived to witness a day in

which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery." A few days later the hero passed quietly away, a happy and contented man.

More work still remained to be done. For though England had gradually persuaded the other countries to agree to regard the slave trade as illegal, there were still scoundrels who managed to "run" a cargo of slaves occasionally. For many years the British Navy was busy along the coasts of Africa, watching for suspicious ships which tried to slip across to America, or Arab dhows on the eastern coast. At last this work was finished, but in the United States the slaves were not freed until after the civil war, in which Abraham Lincoln became the great hero. To day all people in every part of the civilized world agree that slavery is wicked, and it only lingers here and there in out-of-the-way corners of the earth.

A foreigner once saw Wilberforce going to Parliament and said: "When Mr. Wilberforce passes through the crowd every one contemplates this little old man, worn with age and his head sunk upon his shoulders, as a sacred relic—as the Washington of humanity." This is true, for the great triumph of his life's work is a turning point in human history. Through him slavery has disappeared throughout the world, and a new idea of the relations between white men and black has been born.

[Wilberforce, 1759-1833. Committee for abolition of slavery formed, 1787. Slave trade abolished, 1807. Act abolishing slavery passed, 1833.]

CHAPTER III

All Prisoners and Captives

JUST about one hundred and fifty years ago, John Howard, a little-known country gentleman, was chosen to hold the office of High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, and his experiences in his new work changed the whole course of his life. As a young man Howard had been apprenticed by his father to a wholesale grocer in London, but his father's death had left him a lot of money, and so Howard retired and lived in the country. He was a man of energy and determination, with Puritan ideas and sparse in his diet, a vegetarian and an abstainer, but until his work as sheriff he had not taken any part in public life.

His new office did not give him much work to do, but he had to supervise the execution of justice in the country. Here he found, to his horror, that men who had been thrown into jail on suspicion, when they were tried and acquitted, "were dragged back to jail and locked up again until they should pay sundry fees to the jailer." Howard promptly suggested to the magistrates that the jailer should have a regular salary instead of fees; and that innocent men should go free. "The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired," he writes, "but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I therefore rode into the several neighbouring counties in search of one, but I soon learnt that the same injustice was practised in them;



JOHN HOWARD VISITING A SOLDIER IN PRISON

and looking into the prisons I beheld scenes of calamity which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate. In order, therefore, to gain a more perfect knowledge of the particulars and extent of it, by various and accurate observation, I visited most of the county jails in England."

So began Howard's lifelong mission. He spent four years at his own expense in a great survey of the English prisons, and then published an immense report in two volumes. Later he travelled over the whole of Europe, inspecting prisons where he could, and again wrote a report of his journeys. His work threw a flood of light upon the terrible state of affairs in the English prisons, and, as we shall see, when people knew the truth they soon began to demand that things should be improved.

Let us try to picture the prisons as Howard saw them. First they were dirty, incredibly dirty. So bad were they, ill-ventilated, undrained, and over-crowded, that great numbers of prisoners every year died from a special disease known as jail fever. Howard tells us how the smell was so abominable that he could not travel in a closed coach after visiting a jail, but had to ride a-horse-back in God's open air.

Next, he describes the jailers. In some places they owned the prisons, and made as much money as they could from the unfortunate prisoners. They loaded them with irons, so that they might be bribed to take them off again. They sold food and drink to the rich, and starved the poor. As we have seen, the jailers generally depended on their fees, so often innocent people could not get

free from jail. In many places there was no allowance for food, and the prisoners had to beg from the passers-by to keep themselves alive.

Then he speaks of the prisoners themselves. In many places they were all huddled together in hopeless confusion; the hardened criminal with the young boy who had just committed his first offence, the luckless fellow who had run into debt with the professional thief who had been caught at last. We must remember that in those days the prisons were not places in which to keep people as a punishment, but waiting places to keep them until trial. Then they were either hanged, or transported, or else acquitted. Only the debtors, by a foolish and wicked law, could be kept in prison indefinitely, and of course they had little chance to pay their debts while locked away in prison. To add to all these horrors the chance of trial came but seldom. "In some counties jail delivery is but once a year," wrote Howard. "What reparation can be made to a poor creature for the misery he has suffered and the corruption of his morals by confinement in a prison near twelve months before trial, in which, perhaps, he is declared by his county Not Guilty?"

Howard's work soon bore fruit. Even before he published his great book, Parliament asked him for his experiences, and then passed two new laws, which made things a little better. One arranged for the better lighting and ventilation of prisons, and the other made the great reform which Howard had first demanded. The jail fees of the man who was acquitted were to be paid by



MRS. ELIZABETH FRY.

the county rates. Howard himself sent copies of these Acts to every county jailer throughout England at his own expense. He had other plans for prison reform which did not succeed for a long time. We have seen, for instance, how he tried to build model prisons for the convicts who could not be transported to America, and how the Government sent them to Australia instead. But his main work was to be carried on by someone he had never seen.

Elizabeth Gurney was a little girl of only nine years old, living with her parents in the pleasant village of Earlham, near Norwich, when Howard died far away at Cherson, in Russia, where he had gone on the last of his European travels. Of course, little Elizabeth knew nothing of Howard then, though she was destined to continue his work. When a young girl she led an ordinary life of pleasant gaiety, but soon she felt herself drawn to serious things. She came of an old Quaker family given to good works, and she began to take an interest in the "house of correction" in Norwich. As she grew to womanhood her reverent manner, quiet face, and beautiful, deep voice made every one notice her, and she soon became recognised as a "minister" among the Friends.

Then she married John Fry, a merchant, and came to live in London, and in her new home she was quickly called to her life task. It was at Newgate, the great London prison, in the women's wards, where Elizabeth Fry did her greatest work. Here she found a state of things much like what Howard had described, for his

work had produced but little change as far as Newgate was concerned.



MRS. FRY READING TO THE WOMEN IN NEWGATE.

Here in two wards and a couple of cells were housed nearly three hundred women, as well as their children. They had such an evil reputation that the governor advised Mrs. Fry and her friends to leave their watches behind when they went in. The condition of these prisoners was appalling. They had only one tap for all their needs, their clothing was in rags, and they were all herded together, young and old, innocent and guilty. They spent their time in begging and swearing, gaming and fighting, for they had nothing better to do.

To these poor women came Mrs. Fry and her friends. The best way to help them was to find

them something to do, and so Mrs. Fry bought them cloth, and taught them to sew and to make themselves decent clothes. In this way she kept them out of mischief. Then she would sit and read to them the Bible in her quiet way, and her low voice seemed to have a special charm for them. "Today I have seen the greatest curiosity in London," writes the American Ambassador; "aye in England, too, compared to which Westminster Abbey, the Tower, Somerset House, the British Museum, nay Parliament itself, sink into utter insignificance. I have seen Elizabeth Fry in Newgate, and I have witnessed there the effect of true Christianity upon the most depraved of human beings. And yet the wretched outcasts have been tamed and subdued by the Christian eloquence of Mrs. Fry. . . ."

She was truly a wonderful woman, and we cannot tell here of all her work. How she helped to improve the condition of the prisoners transported to Botany Bay; how she founded an order of nursing sisters, and started nightly shelters for the poor outcasts of London. Instead we must see what happened to the prisons.

Two main reforms were at length brought about. One was the abolition of imprisonment for debt. So nowadays, unless the debt is due to fraud, a man cannot be put in prison simply because he owes money. The hopeless pictures of the debtors' prisons drawn by Dickens in his novels have gone for ever. The other great reform was in the state of the prisons themselves. Howard, Mrs. Fry and their friends had pinned all their faith to cleanliness, to good discipline, to regular

work, and to separate cells for the individual prisoners. With these ideas in view fresh prisons were built, and soon the new system was in full swing. The old horrors of overcrowded yards full of all sorts of prisoners, innocent and guilty, jumbled together in filth and sin, had disappeared for ever.

But the reformers had been too hopeful. They had thought that their new prisons would quickly produce a reform of character, and they had failed to realise what a terrible thing is solitary confinement. In some ways the new system was a failure; it was too harsh. Nowadays we are in the midst of a new kind of reform. New ideas are abroad, and the time of imprisonment is looked at not so much as a time of punishment, but as a time of training, when attempts are made to win back the mind and character of the prisoner, and to prepare him to be a citizen once again. In each prison there is a library, and classes and lectures are arranged which the well-behaved prisoners can attend. But more important still is the voluntary band of devoted visitors which is attached to every prison. These people make it their task to visit the prisoners frequently, to talk with them, to help them with companionship and advice, and, as far as possible, with friendship too. Such a distance have we come from the days when Howard was chosen High Sheriff of Bedfordshire.

[Howard, 1726 (?)–90; chosen High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, 1773, Elizabeth Fry, 1780–1845]

CHAPTER IV

The Bobbies

IT is just a hundred years ago since the first "Bobby" began to pace the streets of London. Now when we see the tall policeman with his white gloves, holding up the crowded traffic, while the people stream across the road, it seems hard to believe that there was ever a time when the Bobby did not exist.

Yet there was such a time. And in those days every parish had to keep order in its boundaries, but the work was done very badly. In London itself the Lord Mayor had some paid police under his control, but they were not much use. Outside the limits of the old city, in all that growing mass of towns and villages which we think of as London today, things were very bad indeed.

By night the work was done by the watchmen. They were nicknamed "Charlies," for they had been reorganised in Charles II's time, and every one laughed at them. They were decrepit old men, whose duty it was to patrol the streets around their sentry boxes. With banging stick and swinging lantern the Charlie would make his round through the dark streets, ringing his bell and crying the hour: "Past twelve of the Clock, and a cold and wintry night." The householder, warm in his bed, would turn over and grumble at being awakened, and the thief would hear the watchman coming and dodge up the alley to hide till he had passed. So the Charlie would go back to his box and snooze for another hour before

making his round again. Perhaps some roisterers coming home late would overturn the box on top of him and steal his rattle, for this was always thought a famous joke.

By day each parish had its constables, but they were not like our policemen of today. They were often men who made their living by serving in place of those citizens who were chosen each year by the parish to act as constables. And they made their money in a terrible way. The constable got a reward for all the criminals whom he caught. The worse the crime the higher the reward. So it happened that a constable might often encourage a young thief in his evil ways until he had committed a great offence, for which the highest reward of forty pounds was due. It was said that a young thief "does not weigh 40 lbs. yet"

So this evil system flourished; decrepit watchmen by night and bad constables working for "blood-money" by day. London became a home of wickedness, for many people lived by their crimes, although those who were caught were always punished in a harsh and cruel manner. There were areas in the town where the well-known criminal could live in safety, and there no constable dared to go. At times the thieves and pickpockets hung round the corners of certain streets and openly jostled and annoyed the passers-by, and no one stopped them. Dickens gives us a terrible picture of Fagan and his gang of criminals in *Oliver Twist*, and the picture was true to life.

Things were so bad that some attempts had been made to improve them, but their success was

small. At the famous police court in Bow Street the magistrate had a few paid policemen under his charge, but they were chiefly used as detectives. These "Bow Street runners" became famous for the vigour with which they would follow up and capture a thief. But these "thief takers" were as bad as the constables, and they would only act if they were certain of a large reward, or if they were first paid by the person who had been robbed. Even then some of them were in league with the thieves. A few of these Bow Street police were used to patrol some of the London streets, but they could only watch the chief thoroughfares.

Outside the town, in the country roads and lanes, things were even worse. Old women going to market with their money hid in a stocking, or people riding in a stage-coach, with their guineas in a purse, went in fear and trembling. Sometimes it was a tramp or footpad, who would jump out and seize the money from the traveller. Often it was the highwaymen, who would come galloping up with masks on their faces and with their pistols drawn, and force the coach to stop. 'Your money or your life,' was their demand, and as soon as the unlucky passengers had been forced to hand over their purses, away the highwaymen would go, and no one dared to follow.

So common did this become that certain places were specially dangerous, and although a highwayman was certain to be hanged if he were caught, many scoundrels used actually to make a living in this way. The names of some, such as Dick Turpin, have come down to us; and songs and ballads were written about their famous deeds.

Robert Peel, who was Home Secretary just a hundred years ago, who took this step. His office in the Government made him responsible for law and order. He had been much interested in the ideas of the prison reformers, such as our friends John Howard and Mrs. Fry, and he had already abolished many of the cruel old punishments which had been in use. Now he determined to give London a new police system.

He planned a new police force which should extend over an area within twenty miles of Charing Cross, but the city of London itself was still left to the Lord Mayor, and to this day its police are separately organised. Thus the new area was outside the old city and covered all the outer parts of London, even extending into the country districts round about, though today the town has grown right out beyond. Peel chose two men to manage the police under him, the one a lawyer and the other a soldier. They divided the whole area into divisions, each with its police-station and its company of police under a special head. You can tell the different divisions to this day by the letters on a policeman's collar and helmet.

All the new police were young and vigorous men, and of good character. They were dressed in uniform, with a whistle to call each other in case of need, and they were armed with a short staff or truncheon, with which they could give a rogue a smart blow if necessary. Yet Peel's police looked very different from our police of today, for they had top-hats instead of helmets, cut-away coats instead of the familiar blue tunics,

and long side-whiskers instead of the clean-shaven face we know so well today.

The change in greater London was amazing. Within a year the whole area had been organized, the new police enlisted, and the regular beats set out, along which the police would patrol from time to time. In a very short time the old gangs of criminals were broken up, the slums where they lived were "combed out," and the streets became safe by day and by night. Of course, there were still thieves and rogues as there are today, but



CARTOON OF THE NEW POLICE, IN "PUNCH."

the whole state of the town was changed. The new police were taught that it was their duty to prevent crime, not to encourage the criminal in the hope of a large reward. Indeed, the system of blood-money was abolished, and it was explained that the best police "division" was that in which there was least crime.

Thus London set an example to the rest of England. Soon the great cities began to

reorganise their police on the London plan. In many cases, such as Liverpool and Manchester, the cities chose the organiser from the ranks of Peel's new police. In Liverpool it was estimated at the time of the change that there were 1,200 children known to the constables as thieves, but the great cities of the north were soon so altered that people could scarcely believe it. Later the country-side followed suit. Thus there came into being those country police we all know so well, slowly pacing along the village street, or riding on their bicycles along the country lanes.

So quickly did Peel's police get to work in London that the whole reform was carried out before most people realised it. All the old constables and Charlies were abolished, and the police belonging to Bow Street and the other police officers were absorbed. At first the new police were unpopular. All those who had lost their jobs were jealous, while the thieves and rogues hated the new police. Other people feared them for different reasons, and thought that the Government might use them to interfere with the liberty of men who were opposed to them. Every one was very excited at that time, as the struggle for the great "Reform Bill" was going on. One of the newspaper writers of the day, William Cobbett, expresses this feeling when he wrote a little later: "I have a rooted hatred to this police establishment; I hate it because it is of foreign growth, and because it is French."

Soon the excitement died down when it was seen that every careless or unworthy policeman was at once discharged. Londoners became

proud of their new police, and christened them in friendly fashion after their founder, "Peelers" and "Bobbies."

The first great work of Peel's police was to make the streets safe for honest people by day and by night, and to prevent crime, so that the criminal became the exception rather than the rule. They did this well and quickly, but there is another great thing to remember about them. Before they existed there was no way in which to control big crowds. Sometimes when there was much excitement over some political question, the magistrate whose duty it was to keep order would bring soldiers in to help him. This was always a bad thing, and often led to fighting, in which innocent people were hurt and killed.

Now with the Peelers all this was altered. The police were only civilians, as their top-hats well showed. They had no fire-arms and so they could not shoot, and they soon learned the trick of managing a crowd with a smile and a joke which made the people laugh. For when people laugh they can't remain angry for long. This is where Peel's police and our police of today are different from the police of almost any other country. They have no sword by their side, no revolver in their belt, no bludgeon swinging from their hands as we see in the "Pictures," but only a big smile and a little truncheon carefully hidden away out of sight. So when we see a big policeman helping a crowd of school children across the busy road, or pacing along at night, flashing his lantern against the lock of each shop to see that it is safely shut, we can think of the "Bobby" as

horses can do no more, and men and women wade breast deep to thrust the boat out to sea, while the crew pull desperately with their oars.

This is one of the older pulling and sailing boats, and it is difficult to launch her against the storm, but it is done at last. Then with a small sail hoisted the boat beats across towards the spluttering flare, which is still showing from the deck of the little fishing smack as she lies drifting helpless towards the sand-bank. Here the coxswain of the life-boat has a difficult task. He must take care lest his boat, too, gets blown upon the sands, and becomes a wreck. So he anchors her away to windward, and steadied by the anchor rope, he gradually drifts down towards the wreck. When near enough he fires a rope across the ship with his rocket gun, and by this means all the crew are dragged one by one aboard the life-boat. Then away again for the shore, drenched to the skin, cold and exhausted, but safe. Such happenings as these take place each year all around our coasts, for today we have life-boats at every danger spot.

Now let us go back and see how the life-boat service began, just one hundred and forty years ago, with the building of the *Original*. One terrible stormy day the good ship *Adventure*, sailing from Hull to Dundee, ran ashore at South Shields. No rescue boat could hope to live in the immense breakers, although the *Adventure* was only three hundred yards from shore, and so the crowd watched in horror while the crew dropped one by one into the sea and perished.

"The Gentlemen of the Lawe House," a club which overlooked the sea, promptly offered a prize for the best design for a life-boat. A great many people joined in the competition, and from these different designs they got Henry Greathead to build the *Original*, which had a wide band of cork all round to make her buoyant, and a heavy iron keel to keep her stable. We can see from the picture on the first page that the *Original* was an open boat, and had only oars and no sails. Yet the *Original* was stationed at South Shields for over forty years, until she broke in two upon the rocks. She saved some hundreds of lives and never lost one of her crew.

In the next fourteen years Greathead built over thirty life-boats. Some of them were sent abroad, but most were bought by private people, and stationed at dangerous places around the British coasts. Meanwhile, another inventor, Lukin, who was a coachbuilder by trade, had designed a second type of life-boat which could be sailed as well as rowed by oars. But still the work of life-saving was a local affair; there were only a few life-boats, and many dangerous places had none at all.

It was Sir William Hillary who changed this. From his house at Fort Ann, overlooking the stormy waters of Douglas Bay in the Isle of Man, he had seen many a wreck. Time and again he had put off most bravely in open boats to the rescue of their crews. Hillary determined that he would found a National Institution, as the best way to organise the life-saving work around the coasts. A great meeting was held in London.

with the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair, and all the statesmen of the day helped in the new cause. Thus just one hundred years ago the Royal National Life-boat Institution was founded, and it took over the scattered life-boats. The work grew quickly, for the new society built more boats, provided boat-houses and equipment, gave rewards for gallantry, and compensation for those who were injured.

The true story of the life-boats, however, is not in the way they were organised, but in the bravery and self-sacrifice with which they were served. One story is world famous. One stormy night on the lonely Farne Islands off the Northumberland coast, the lighthouse keeper saw a distressed steamer on the rocks, where the crew were in danger of drowning, or of death by exposure. No life-boat was near, and the keeper had only an open boat—a cobble—and no one to help him except his daughter, Grace Darling, who was just twenty-three. Together they rowed out in the furious seas, well knowing that they could not make their way back without the help of some of the shipwrecked crew. By this means the crew of seven were saved and Grace became a national heroine, and well deserved the silver medal which the Life-boat Institution gave her.

Yet for many years the Life-boat Institution was a small affair, despite its successful start. The money which its friends subscribed annually was not enough to keep the life-boats in service up to date and in good repair. It needed another disaster to shake people out of their carelessness. This came when the life-boat *Providence* capsized

at the mouth of the Tyne, and most of her crew were drowned. It was a sad tragedy, but it had one good result. The society was reorganised, and people all over the country began to take an interest in its work.

The Duke of Northumberland, its new President, determined that the time had come to design a new type of life-boat—if possible one which could not suffer the disaster of the *Providence*. So, as at the first, a prize was offered for the best design, and this was won by James Beeching, of Great Yarmouth. His new boat is much like one which is still in use today. It had great airtight compartments fore and aft to make it buoyant. It had a device which enabled the water to drain away through valves as quickly as it came aboard. Best of all, it was “self-righting.” This was an arrangement to ensure that a boat which had capsized would come right side up again. Wouldhave, the painter, in the first competition at South Shields, had hit on the same idea, as appears from his little model in the museum there. But in those early days it was not adopted, and now Beeching used it as a fresh idea for his new boats.

Now the society went ahead quickly. One after another new life-boats were built, and new stations were set up all round the coast. The society learnt much from the fisherfolk. The different weather conditions along the coast had led them in time past gradually to evolve boats of different shape and size. Now the society tried different designs for their life-boats, until at last they had six main types. The fisherfolk, who of

knew that he was well, and so she could refuse the letter, and not have to pay the postman.

Of course this trick was really a fraud on the Post Office, but Coleridge felt sorry for the old woman rather than annoyed at her dishonesty. For in those days so many people felt the difficulty of paying the heavy postage that all sorts of tricks were invented to avoid it. A letter was an expensive luxury, for it might cost a shilling or even more for a single sheet, according to the distance it had come. The money soon mounted up if more than one sheet was sent, or if it was posted at a great distance.

If we want to understand why it cost so much to send a letter then we must realise that when the Post Office began, it was not meant to carry letters for ordinary people. The first postmen were the King's couriers, who only carried the King's orders to and fro. You can still sometimes see letters which come through the post marked "On His Majesty's Service," such as demands for the payment of taxes. Gradually the postmen began to carry letters for private people as well, and to charge them a fee for doing it.

By the time that Charles II was King, a regular post was at work, but it was run for the profit of the King and his servants, and not to give a cheap service to the people of the country. Then one clever man, named William Dockwra, did start a penny post for the London district. He arranged ten deliveries a day, and had post boxes at almost every street corner. The King's postmaster was very jealous, and Dockwra's service

was stopped. Since then no one has been allowed to carry letters except the Post Office. We say that the Post Office has a "monopoly." That is why today, though you may send a parcel by train or carrier, or even back home from the shops by tram, the only way in which you can send a letter is through the post.

At last by Queen Victoria's reign there were regular posts all over the country. Great four-wheeled mail-vans, drawn by swift horses, rattled along the new roads, instead of the horseman "riding post." The number of letters sent each year had increased greatly, but one thing remained the same. To send a letter by post was still a costly affair.

Things are very different today. A double rap at the door, a rattle of the letter-box, and down falls a small shower of letters. Penny stamps on the postcards, and penny half-penny ones on the letters; it does not cost much to write to your friend. If we post a letter to Australia, or to someone in the next street, it costs us just the same, and everyone writes letters nowadays. This great change is mainly the work of one man. It was Sir Rowland Hill "who gave us penny postage."

When he was a little boy Rowland lived at Birmingham with his father, who was a school-master. He was a bright and clever lad, with such a head for figures that he was nicknamed "the calculating machine." When he was only twelve he was helping in his father's school, and soon a new school called "Hazlewood" was built, where Rowland and his father tried some of his

new ideas. They did away with all the old-fashioned punishment, and made the school a little self-governing republic. They were so clever and kind in their work that the school soon became a great success.

But Rowland Hill did not want to remain a schoolmaster all his life and he turned his brains to one thing after another. He thought out several new inventions. The cleverest was a printing machine. In those days newspapers had to have each sheet printed separately in a hand press. Hill's machine would print the news on a continuous strip of paper, which ran between rollers, rather like clothes going through a mangle. The strip was afterwards cut up into separate papers. But the Government were so stupid that they would not allow the new machine to be used. In those days each sheet of paper on which the news was printed had to pay a tax and be stamped. The Government feared that the rolls of paper might be printed without being stamped, and so escape the tax. For many years Hill's invention could not be used, though today all papers are printed on a machine like his, and printed much more cheaply and quickly than ever before.

Now although Hill became famous, and rich too in his later life, he was very poor when he was young. He tells us how he and his family almost dreaded the postman's knock. "At that early period, when we were straitened in means, his rap was not always welcome, the demand (for payment) being certain, and always inconvenient, the recompense in the way of news doubtful. Tradesmen's circulars, in particular, which sometimes

came from a considerable distance, and always unpaid, were great causes of disappointment and irritation." One wonders what Hill would think of the flood of circulars which tumble into our letter-boxes today. At least they are always stamped now, thanks to him.

To this question of postage also Rowland Hill turned his clever brain. In the year in which Queen Victoria came to the throne he wrote a little pamphlet which was so clear that it soon made every one agree with his ideas. He collected a lot of figures; and argued very carefully, and explained that the chief cost of the postal service was the collecting and then the delivering of letters one by one. The actual carrying the letters from town to town did not cost much, because they were all carried together. So he explained that it was not fair to charge more for a letter if it came from a distant place instead of from nearby.

Then he suggested three great changes. First, all letters weighing not more than half an ounce were to go anywhere in British Isles for a penny. Next, everybody who posted a letter was to pay for it, instead of leaving the postman to collect the money at the door. Lastly, he suggested that the best way to make sure of this was to sell a penny stamp, which people must stick on their letters before posting them.

These arguments were so clear, and the difficulties and inconvenience of the old methods so great, that Parliament quickly accepted his plans. A competition was held to see if any better suggestions could be made, but no one could improve on Hill's ideas. So three years later the penny

postage began. Of course some people said that it would never pay to take letters so cheaply. Fancy carrying a letter from Land's End to John o' Groats for a copper! Hill explained that when letters only cost a penny, every one would write to their friends, and write often, instead of merely sending lots of messages in another person's letter. This proved to be true. For very soon the number of letters increased so greatly that the



THE MULREADY ENVELOPE, 1840.

Post Office was making more money than ever before.

Most people did without envelopes then, folding their notepaper together, writing the address on the outside, and sealing it with wax. For these people there were the new penny stamps. "Bits of sticking plaster for dabbing on to letters," as one of the newspapers called them with a laugh. These first stamps were the famous Black Pennies.

which every boy hopes that he may one day find for his collection. The colour was soon changed to the well-known brick red, and so they are quite rare. Then there was another way to pay for a letter at first. That was to buy a penny "Mulready Envelope," but these soon went out of fashion. Then everybody used plain envelopes and stuck on the stamps as we do today

The Government gave Rowland Hill an important position in the Post Office to start the new system, but the old fogies there were very jealous. They did not like the change, and after a few years they managed to persuade Sir Robert Peel to get rid of Hill. But people were so disgusted with his treatment that he was soon called back to the Post Office, and there he spent the rest of his active life. Still, in the short time of his absence he was not idle. He turned his attention to the new railways, and while he was chairman of the Brighton line he thought of two brilliant ideas. He started the first cheap excursion, and the first express trains.

The penny post was only the beginning of many changes in the Post Office which makes it touch us in every part of our life today. Gradually the penny post was extended to the Empire, then to the U.S.A., and to France. Soon a postcard or a newspaper could be sent for a mere half-penny. Today the red pillar boxes are everywhere. The Post Office carries our letters and parcels, and even collects Cash on Delivery for the shop-keeper. It looks after our savings in its bank, sells us postal orders, insurance stamps or wireless licences, pays our old age pensions, sends our

save up for their summer holiday, or for a Christmas treat. Some people let their money stay and accumulate, and in this way they gradually have a "nest egg" for times of trouble. Let us try to see first how the new idea of Co-operation began, and then how it was put into practice, so that it spread all over England, and, indeed, all over the world. Our first picture will be of Robert Owen, the man of ideas, who started people thinking of these things more than a hundred years ago. Then we shall turn to a very different scene in the town of Rochdale in Lancashire, where a group of poor working men started the first successful Co-operative shop.

Robert Owen's life is almost a fairy story. It is the tale of a poor Welsh boy, the son of a saddler, who became one of the richest cotton manufacturers in Britain. He was the friend of kings and princes, and spent all his time and money in good works, and in trying to persuade people to follow his ideas. He was only ten years old when he set out by coach to London, to seek his fortune. Thence he was sent to his first job with a linen-draper at Lincoln, and here he had to serve the "highest nobility," as he called them, for his master sold the finest goods.

Then he went back to London, where he served in a shop at London Bridge. Here he saw a different side of life, for it was a "cash" shop, with a crowd of "customers of an inferior class." He worked very long hours, from eight o'clock in the morning till one or two next day. Yet the young shop assistant had to be spick and

span. "Boy as I then was," he tells us, "I had to wait my turn for the hairdresser to powder and pomatum and curl my hair, for I had two large curls on each side, and a stiff pigtail, and until all this was nicely and systematically done, no one could think of appearing before a customer."

His next move was to Manchester, and this really was the turning point of his life. The new machinery was just being introduced for spinning cotton, and the big factories were being built. At first Owen went as an assistant in a draper's shop again, but he was a very clever young man and did not want to remain a shop assistant all his life. Soon he was in partnership with a workman, making the new machines, and living in good rooms in St. Ann's Square for 10s. 6*d.* a week.

Next he set up as a small manufacturer himself, buying the cotton and spinning it into yarn on the new machinery. This yarn he then sold to the weavers, who made it into cloth. At first he had only three machines with which to work, but he was so skilful that he soon became well known. When only twenty, he was made manager of one of the biggest mills in Manchester, with five hundred people working under him. Here he soon became famous for making the finest cotton thread, from which the most beautiful muslins and delicate cloth could be woven.

So far the story of Robert Owen seems just that of a successful business man, but all this time the young lad had been studying and thinking. Gradually he formed his own ideas about things, and these ideas influenced his whole life. He saw everywhere that people were poor and miserable,

and that often the new machinery was making the workpeople into slaves. But he believed that this need not be, and that the right way to improve the character of people was to make the conditions under which they lived and worked much better. He thought, too, that "competition" was a bad thing, and that in some way it should be abolished. With these ideas in his mind he spent the rest of his life in trying different experiments, some of which were successful, and some failures.

Owen's most successful experiment was at his cotton mills at New Lanark on the Clyde. He had ridden up to Glasgow on business, while he was still a Manchester manufacturer, and there he had fallen in love with Anne Dale. When they were married, Owen joined her father as partner in the New Lanark mills. Here for the first time Owen was able to put his ideas into practice, and take care of the "living machinery," as he called his workpeople, as well as the machines themselves.

We shall see some pictures of bad masters later, but Owen was a kindly master to his workpeople, and a successful business man as well. He began steadily to improve the conditions under which his people worked. He cut down the long hours of work, and increased the wages. He improved the factory and brought in new machinery. In the old days the overseers cheated the child workers by blows and the whip. Now Owen introduced his "Silent Monitors." Above the head of every child, and of the grown-up workers too, there was hung a square block of wood, painted on each side a different colour—black, blue, yellow, and

white. Each day the worker's conduct was marked, and the block turned to show the result. Black was the worst and white the best. "This was the preventer of punishment. There was no beating, no abusive language. I passed daily through all the rooms, and the workers observed me always to look at these telegraphs (the monitors), and when black I merely looked at the person and then at the colour, but never said a word to one of them by way of blame."

Outside the factory, too, Owen set to work to make the lives of his people happier. He started a general store, for which he bought goods at wholesale prices, and then sold them to his work-people much cheaper than the small shops could do. He had a savings bank for them and a sick fund. And then he did something else which caused a great stir at the time.

He wanted to build schools, but his partners objected. "They said they were cotton spinners and commercial men carrying on business for profit, and had nothing to do with educating children." So Owen got rid of them and secured a new set of partners who were willing to help him in his plans. Several of these men were Quakers, and among them was Allen, the friend and helper of Joseph Lancaster and his schools. When they came back to New Lanark, after the change of partners, the people streamed out of the village and insisted on taking the horses out of the carriage and dragging it in triumph through the streets.

So the schools were built, and in them the first infant school in Britain was set up. Here Owen

chose as master an old man, John Buchanan, "previously trained by his wife to perfect submission to her will." He and a nurse looked after the youngest children from one to six years old. No books were used and no regular work was done, but there were toys and pictures. Coloured maps covered the walls, and grass and flowers were brought in from the fields. The children were allowed to play as freely as they liked, and encouraged to ask all sorts of questions. Music, too, and dancing and drill were all a part of Owen's infant schools.

There were schools for the older children too, and a big hall in which the grown-ups had their dances and evening parties. New Lanark soon became famous all over Europe, and Owen was often busy in showing the wonders of his village to distinguished visitors, who were amazed at all they saw. But human nature is perverse, and the workpeople did not always like his well-meant plans. The old ladies in particular objected to the way in which he poked his nose into their houses to see that they were kept clean and tidy. They called him an interfering old fellow, and much ruder names than that, but, on the whole, New Lanark was a happy and contented place.

From this experiment in "welfare, work" as we should call it today, Owen turned to other things. He wrote many pamphlets and made a lot of speeches, explaining his "New View of Society." At first every one was interested, but gradually, as Owen's ideas grew wider, many people began to be alarmed, and so he had less support. He tried many ventures which were less successful

than New Lanark. We cannot tell in detail here of all his schemes, such as the famous Labour Exchange in London, where the workmen were to "swop" their goods direct with one another, without the use of money and without making any profit. Nor can we follow him into his land colonies, where he hoped people would live in happy isolation, making and using all they needed in common.

These and many other schemes were tried by Owen in England and in America, and one after another they failed, and Owen lost a lot of his money in helping them. But in one great thing he did succeed. He started new ideas among the working people. Behind all his different plans was the same idea of "working together" and helping each other. Soon the word "Co-operation" came to be used to express this idea.

All over the country there sprang up different "Co-operative" ventures among the working people. In some cases shops were opened for the members, in others the workers tried to make goods and sell them direct to each other. Sometimes flour mills were started, or even a land colony planned. But almost every venture failed after a few years' trial, and died out.

Now we come to the story of the Rochdale Pioneers who took one small fragment of these ideas and made it a practical success. This was the idea of the Co-operative shop.

Things were very bad in Rochdale ninety years ago. Most of the people were still weaving flannel on the old hand-loom in their own houses,

bought as cheaply as was needed. Some members preferred to shop nearer home, than to tramp right over to Toad Lane. Others were in debt to the local shopkeepers, and were afraid to use the new store. But gradually things began to change. More and more members came, each with their pound subscription, and the shop began to enlarge its stock, first by adding tobacco and tea, and then other things. Soon, as trade grew, the shop was opened each night, during the week, and then on Saturdays too. At last more room was needed, so the whole of the building was taken over, and a reading room and library was made for the members on the first floor. So the store became a club as well.

There were two important rules of the Rochdale store which we must understand, because every other successful Co-operative store has adopted the same plan. Everything was paid for in cash. This prevented the members from running into debt, and also saved the store from having bad debts. It meant that things could be sold more cheaply, as they were paid for "on the nail." Next, the profits made by the shop were divided, not amongst those who had lent money to the store with which to trade, but amongst the customers according to the amount of their purchases. So this store and all Co-operative shops since were really run for the good of the customers, or "consumers," as we should call them.

The story of the Rochdale store has many other chapters, for the Pioneers had their heads full of Owen's different plans. They intended to build

houses for their members, they wanted to run a Temperance Hotel, and to found a "self-supporting community of united interests." But as the store grew, so these plans fell into the background. They did own a flour mill, and they tried to run a cotton factory, but this had to be given up after a few years. But the store itself continued to flourish, until today the Toad Lane store has developed into a huge central building, with a big library and museum. The rest of the town is covered with branch shops, each with its own reading room.

Rochdale was the first really successful Co-operative store, but other stores on the same lines soon sprang up in all the big towns of England. They copied the Rochdale rules, and together they soon found that they needed to help each other in buying goods for their stock. So at Manchester they founded the Co-operative Wholesale Society, which does for the separate stores just what the stores do for their own members. Soon the C.W.S. began to make things needed by the Co-operative shops, instead of only buying for them. Biscuits, boots and shoes, soap, drugs and medicines, these as well as other things are made by the C.W.S., and now they own important flour mills in all the big English ports.

With all this great development the Co-operative members have never lost sight of Owen and his ideas. Each year large sums of money are put aside for education, and the Co-operative movement has classes of all sorts, and gives scholarships to its members. All over England and from England all over the world, there has

spread this way of "working together." It has many difficulties still to face, but it is a real help to the people. And it has grown from the generous ideas of Robert Owen, and from the practical ability of the Rochdale Pioneers and their old store in Toad Lane.

[Robert Owen, 1771-1858. Rochdale Store opened 1844.]

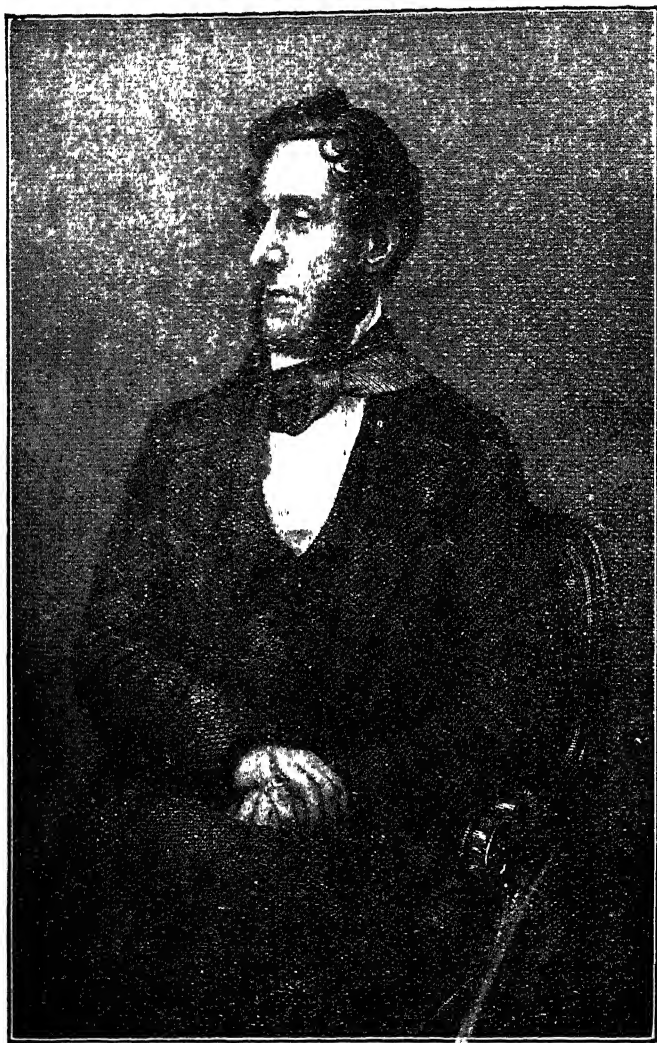
CHAPTER VIII

The friend of the Children

ABOUT the time when Cobden and Bright were agitating for cheap bread you might have seen a strange sight in one of the streets of Bradford. Some gentlemen from London were strolling along when they were suddenly surrounded by a shouting, yelling mob of children, who sang at them jeeringly:—

" We will have the TEN HOURS BILL
That we will, that we will,
Else the land shall ne'er be still.
Never still, never still.
Parliament say what they will,
We will have the TEN HOURS BILL,
We want no Commissioning,
We will have the TEN HOURS BILL."

Then suddenly there was the shrill sound of a hooter, and away ran the children, much to the relief of the Londoners. But it was to a factory that they went back, and not to school as you might have expected. These children were angry with



LORD SHAFTESBURY.

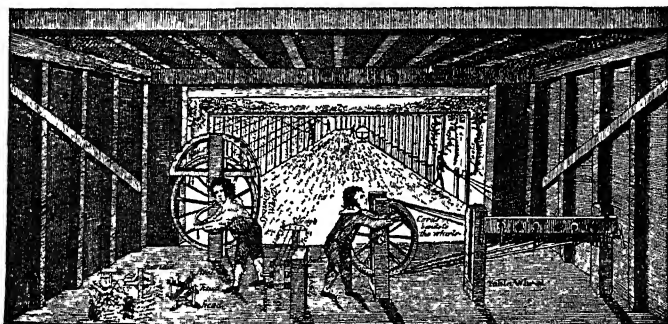
This picture was engraved from the actual photograph of Shaftesbury, taken in middle age.

the "Commissioners" from London. People were trying to persuade Parliament to make a new law so that no factory might work more than ten hours a day. The Commissioners had been sent to Bradford to inquire about the factories there, and the children feared that they were only trying to find excuses to persuade Parliament not to pass the new law.

We have read how the old custom of making things at home by hand had given place to the new factories, where cloth was made by machinery driven by the new steam engines. Inside these "mills," as they were called, amidst the noise of the whirling machinery, were crowds of little children hard at work. Although the law said that no child younger than nine might work in a mill, no one obeyed it, and tiny tots of six and seven came to help their fathers earn a living. They worked at least twelve hours a day, and often more. They came so early and stayed so late that they were often terribly tired, and in some mills they were beaten to keep them awake. Sometimes they would fall asleep and slip into the machinery and be maimed for life. And when they went home at nine or ten at night they were often too tired to eat their food.

Inside a cotton mill the youngest children had the most dangerous work. "The way in which many of these infants are first employed," explained one of the workers, "is to pick up the waste cotton from the floor; to go under the machines where bigger people cannot creep, and the smaller they are the more conveniently they go under the machines."

At some mills the masters were very cruel, and one tale was told to Parliament of how such a master hurried the luckless children to work. "I have seen him with a horsewhip under his coat, waiting at the top of the place, and when the children have come up, he has lashed them all the way into the mill if they were too late ; and the children had half a mile to come and be at the mill at five o'clock." How many children today of nine years old would like to begin work at five in the morning, and stay working hard for at least twelve hours ?



BOYS WORKING IN A ROPE-WALK.

We must remember that not only children, but grown-ups too were working under these conditions, and it makes us wonder how such terrible things could be. We can understand a little when we realise that the change to machinery had come very suddenly, and that all the old rules and agreements which controlled hand work were out of date. A new idea had grown up that Parliament should not interfere in industry. So for a long

time no effective laws were made to control the new factories. Everybody believed that if people were left perfectly free, each person would get the very best for himself, but the horrible conditions in the new factories soon proved that this idea was wrong.

At last men determined that things must be altered. In Manchester and Bradford, and all through the North of England, "Short-time Committees" were formed. Good masters, such as John Fielden, whose statue still stands at Todmorden, joined with their workmen in this campaign. They all decided to ask Parliament to limit the working day to ten hours, and they chose Lord Shaftesbury to be their leader.

Shaftesbury was a young man of thirty-two when he first took up this question, and for the rest of his life he was the champion of the children and the oppressed. A tall man, with a grave look, and deep lines on his face, he was intensely serious, but very kind. His religious ideas were very strict and some of his schemes, such as his violent opposition to the opening of museums on Sundays, seem a little strange to us today. Yet Shaftesbury lives for ever as the great reformer, and the friend of all the children.

His first attempt to persuade Parliament to pass a Ten Hours Act was not successful. Although he had a sad picture to paint, with many details of cruelty and hardship, some people would not be convinced. All he could do was to get a new law made which forbade the employment of children under nine. It also said the children from nine to thirteen were not to work more than nine hours a

day, and young people under nineteen not more than twelve hours. This was the first Factory Act to be enforced, for paid inspectors were appointed whose duty it was to go into every factory and mill, and to see that the law was obeyed.

It was fifteen years before Shaftesbury at last managed to persuade Parliament to pass the Ten Hours Act, and we must remember that all this time the movement against the Corn Laws was going on as well. The people who supported the Anti-Corn Law League were many of them manufacturers, and they were not interested in Shaftesbury's plans. Indeed, some were his most bitter enemies, because they feared they would lose money if they could not work their mills as many hours a day as they liked. But the workers were determined to have the Ten Hours Act. They knew that if the law limited the hours when children and young people might work, they too could have a Ten Hours Day, for a mill could not go on working with men alone.

In those days, however, the working people had no votes, and could not elect Members to Parliament. They were forced to rely on Lord Shaftesbury, who sometimes boasted that he was the chosen of the workers. Year after year, Shaftesbury tried to get his new law passed. Sometimes he travelled among the mills to see things for himself, sometimes he wrote papers and letters, or made speeches in Parliament. And sometimes he arranged for committees at which new evidence was taken, and this was printed so that every one could read it. - At last he was

successful ; in the very year after the Corn Laws were repealed the Ten Hours Act was passed.

This was only the beginning of the story ; soon the children were excluded from the factories altogether, and the laws were extended again and again, till every sort of factory and workshop came under their rules. Today we have an almost universal Eight Hour Day, and every one has plenty of time for rest and recreation. The landmark in these great reforms was the Ten Hours Act, and this we owe to Lord Shaftesbury.

It was in the disappointing days, after he had failed in his first attempt to pass the Ten Hours law, that Shaftesbury obtained his first great success. He had been interested in the coal mines, and he persuaded Parliament to hold an inquiry. The story that was told was so terrible that a new law was made at once. Down in the dark mines, it was found, there worked not only men, but women and tiny children. Babies of six or even younger had to sit in a little hole for twelve hours at a stretch, pulling a string to open the little doors in the passages of the mine. " I've a trap without a light, and I'm scared," said a little girl of only eight. " I go at four and sometimes half-past three in the morning, and come out at five and half-past. I never go to sleep. Sometimes I sing when I've light, but not in the dark. I dare not sing then." Another little chap of seven and a half was more hardened. " I've been down about three years. When I first went down I couldn't keep my eyes open. I don't fall asleep now ; I smokes my pipe ; smokes half a quartern a week."

Still more loathsome tasks fell to the children's lot ; pulling the coal trucks on all-fours, along the narrowest passages, working at the smallest seams of coal, which a full-grown man could not reach, or standing all day ankle deep in water, labouring away at a pump. As for the women, they were beasts of burden, and harnessed by straps to the coal trucks, they pulled them on all-fours along the little underground tramways.

This was the state of the mines as revealed by Lord Shaftesbury's inquiry. It was too terrible, and every one agreed that it must stop at once. Shaftesbury succeeded in getting a new law enacted, which forbade the employment of any women or girls in mines at all, and said that boys could not go down the pit before they were ten. The age for boys has been raised long since, and the hours which may be worked in a mine have been limited to eight a day, by special Act of Parliament.

The last great reform for which Shaftesbury is famous is the abolition of the chimney boy. Yet it was only fifty years ago that the last chimney boy disappeared. For nearly ninety years before that the cruelty and suffering of these children had been well known, and Parliament had passed several laws to help them. But people were so callous that the laws were simply disregarded. Today we all know the chimney sweep with his black brush and his bamboo rods, which fit together and force the brush up to the top of the tallest chimney. He twirls the brush round and as the soot falls down he catches it neatly in his bag. Yet for many years this "machine" was refused by

With hundreds of men to nurse, and only a few devoted women at hand, all had to work their hardest. But Florence Nightingale worked harder than them all. At times she would have to be on her feet twenty hours at a stretch, receiving new cases allotting them to the wards, organising the work, and seeing personally to the worst cases. And then at eight o'clock, when all the other nurses left for the night, and the soldier orderlies came on duty, she would go, with her little lamp in her hand, her round of the dim wards. The sick men watched for her with hungry eyes, and almost worshipped "The Lady with the Lamp," as they nicknamed her in their affection. "She would speak to me, and nod and smile to as many more," wrote one of the soldiers, "but she could not do it to all, you know. We lay there by the hundreds; but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads again on the pillow content."

There were others who claimed her thoughts as well as the sick in the hospitals. In those days soldier's wives and even children went with an army, and for these she organised work and proper housing. For men who were well she had recreation huts, with lectures and coffee bars, much like the Y.M.C.A. of today. She also started an office where the soldier could send home some of his pay. The older officers laughed at the idea, for they thought that a soldier would do nothing but squander his money; but she was so successful that the Government had soon to take over the scheme.

At last the war ended, peace was signed, and

the soldiers went gradually back to England, but Florence Nightingale did not leave her hospital till the very last man was sent safely home. Then she came back quietly to avoid the public welcome which had been planned. But the Queen honoured her and invited her to Osborne to tell all about her work in the Crimea. England, too, was grateful, and a large sum of money was subscribed as a National Thanksgiving.

Soon Florence Nightingale fell ill from the strain of her long work, and for some time the doctors feared that she would die. At last she recovered, but she was doomed to be an invalid for life, and it seemed that her work was done. But if she was sick in body, her mind was more active than ever, and drove her on from one reform to another. Thus her most lasting work was really done from her sick-bed, and not as *The Lady with the Lamp*.

For years she worked with her friend Sidney Herbert to improve the health of the Army. New hospitals were built in England for the soldiers. Their barracks were made more comfortable and more sanitary, and the whole organisation of the Army was altered to ensure that the soldier was kept well, and that if he fell sick he should be properly nursed back to health again.

So far we have only seen her at work for the soldier, but perhaps her most far-reaching work was for the ordinary people who were ill. By her inspiration and guidance nursing was changed from a clumsy affair of ill-trained and disreputable old women to an honourable profession which needed training and a long apprenticeship. At

first she had trained herself, now she was able to found a School for Nurses. With the money that had been given her by the nation she started at St. Thomas' Hospital a Nurses' Training School which is still known by her name. Here year after year young women were carefully trained, and then went on to work in the hospital, or else to nurse in other places. Gradually all the other hospitals followed suit, until every great hospital had its own training department for nurses.

Then came another step. In the city of Liverpool William Rathbone, who wanted to honour the memory of his wife, had established a district nurse to visit and help the poor in their own homes. But Liverpool was a big place, and there was need for many such nurses. The people of Liverpool came to Florence Nightingale for help. This was a plan near her own heart, for "missionary nursing" was her ideal. "One of the chief aims of a hospital," she wrote, "is to train nurses for nursing the sick at home." With her help there was set up the first Training Home for District Nurses in Liverpool, and soon that city had a nurse for each district. Of course, Manchester followed suit, and the movement spread all over the country, until it was organised, with Queen Victoria as patron, into the Jubilee Nursing Institute.

In yet another way did Florence Nightingale extend the nursing system. The poor folk who were unlucky enough to be so ill that they had to go to the workhouse infirmary were very badly looked after. The old women who acted as "nurses" there were quite unskilled, and often

a disgrace. Here again the citizens of Liverpool determined to lead the way. They applied to St. Thomas' Hospital, and obtained the help of Nurse Agnes Jones, a "Nightingale probationer," and a body of good nurses under her soon made a very different state of affairs at the Infirmary of Brownlow Hill. The good example set by Liverpool was followed, and one by one the work-house hospitals throughout the country were staffed with a band of bright and well-trained nurses, who were as proud of their skill and as tender in their work as any.

Over all these changes in every part of England the quiet figure of Florence Nightingale in the little room in London kept loving watch. She helped with lectures to her nurses at St. Thomas, with books and letters, with advice to hospitals, and even to foreign governments. Sometimes even, if not too weak, she would see some specially favoured visitor. She lived on until quite recent times, and did not die until she was ninety years old. And what changes she saw in England! Throughout the land there were hospitals, well planned, with fresh air and good sanitation, and served by a band of highly-trained nurses. In their pleasant cotton dresses, of blue or pink, of white or grey, with their cap or 'kerchief on their head, matrons, sisters, nurses, and probationers, they were all members of a great and honourable profession, and this they owed to the Lady with the Lamp.

CHAPTER X

The Opening up of Africa

SO far the stories in this book have been about men and women who lived in England, and did most of their work here at home, but as communications became easier, the world was becoming a smaller place, and sympathies were growing wider. Our next story is about a Scotsman, whose name has become famous all over the world, because of his travels and discoveries in unknown Africa. Yet when little David Livingstone was born at Blantyre, just over one hundred years ago, no one would have imagined that he was to become a great man. For his father was only a poor tea merchant, and David was born in a little flat, in a great stone building. Around Blantyre, in his early days, David played like any other little boy. Day after day he would make long expeditions with his brother, hunting for birds' nests or flowers, or fishing in the stream for salmon, and carrying the fish home, hidden in the leg of his trousers for fear the keeper would catch him.

At home David was strictly brought up, for his father and mother were stern in their ideas, and thought that young children should do as they were bid. One evening when he came home late he found the front door locked, and was forced to spend the night on the turret stairs. Very soon young David had to begin to earn his living. Although he was only ten he became a "piecer" in



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

The artist has painted Livingstone in the full vigour of his life, and behind has suggested the lakes and rivers which he explored.

the nearby cotton mill. His job was to catch and twist together the broken threads on the big spinning frame. But David had determined to get on. So he propped his Latin grammar on a ledge, and worked with his brain while his hands caught the flying cotton. He did not get home till after eight, yet he used to get down to his books again after supper till his mother came to pack him off to bed. For he must be back at the mill by six next day.

Then one morning David tramped over to Glasgow with his father, who arranged for him to become a student there. All through the long winter David Livingstone worked hard at his classes at the University, living in the poorest rooms to save his scanty money. In the summer, when the University was closed, he went back to the mill to earn the money for his next year's fees. Livingstone had determined to become a doctor, and then to go out as a missionary. He wanted both to preach the gospel to the heathen and to heal their bodies. At last, after years of work, he went to London to finish his studies, and there the London Missionary Society accepted him as one of its missionaries, and arranged for him to go to Africa. So back he came to Glasgow again to say good-bye to his parents, and then when twenty-seven years old set sail to that far and little known land.

In those days men were very ignorant of the centre of Africa—its great lakes and rivers, the animals that lived and the plants that grew there. Only a little was known about the negroes themselves. White men had been sailing round Africa

to India for centuries, but few had gone far inland. Livingstone landed at Algoa Bay in the south, and soon set off by ox-wagon (for there were no trains in those days) to the head mission station at Kuruman. Here he met a famous Scottish missionary, Dr. Moffatt, and soon after he fell in love with his daughter, "a little thick, black-haired girl," as he calls her. They were married there, and Mrs. Livingstone helped him on many of his early travels, till she had to go home to England with their children.

Livingstone's first work was to make friends with a native chief called Sechele, ruler of the Bakwena, who welcomed him into his land. Livingstone persuaded Sechele to move his tribe to a better spot, and there at Kolobeng taught him how to make small channels from the river, so that the fields were watered even in the drought.

"Black Sechele" was a clever man, and soon learned to read. Later he became a Christian and was baptized, but he was surprised that Livingstone did not accept his offer to force all his people to become Christians too, with the help of the rhinoceros whip. "In former times when a chief was fond of hunting," he said to Livingstone, "all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he loved dancing or music, all showed a preference for these amusements. If the chief drank beer, his people all rejoiced in strong drink. But in this case it is different. I love the Word of God, and not one of my people will join me."

In their home at Kolobeng, Livingstone and his wife lived in great happiness for some years with their young family. Their first child was a

little boy called Robert, and the natives promptly nicknamed Mrs. Livingstone "Ma-Robert." But Livingstone's restless spirit was fired by the stories he heard of great rivers, vast lakes, and famous chiefs, away to the north. Even while he was working at Kolobeng he found time to make several expeditions with various friends. At last, travelling with his whole family, he reached that broad river, the Zambesi. This was a wonderful discovery, though how wonderful Livingstone was not to know until later.

Here, too, he met the chief Sebituane, who had been a mighty warrior in his young days, but who now ruled over his people in peace. Livingstone had heard many stories of Sebituane, and they were both glad to meet. Livingstone hoped, with the chief's help, to establish a new mission station among his people, for no missionaries had ever come so far north before. Unfortunately, Sebituane fell ill, and died soon after Livingstone's arrival.

Two great ideas were now forming in Livingstone's mind. The one was to find a healthier place for Sebituane's people to live, so that white missionaries could work amongst them. The other was to discover a new way to the sea. For the journey from Cape Town was long and difficult, and sometimes dangerous. It took weeks and even months for the creaking ox-wagons to reach the Zambesi, instead of the few days taken by the modern trains.

Livingstone determined to find a shorter way to the sea, either east or west. He hoped that in this way he would get his stores more easily. He

hoped, too, that a new trade route would be opened up, by which the ivory could be sent to the sea. For already the cruel Arab or half-caste Portuguese slave-raiders were beginning to visit the country. They came with guns and powder, to barter them for men and boys, or else they burnt the villages and seized the people as slaves. Livingstone thought that if he opened up a new route to the sea, trade would grow, and the slave trade gradually disappear.

So he took his wife and children down to Cape Town, and said good-bye to them as they sailed for England. Then back he came to Linyanti, where Sekelutu, Sebituane's son, now reigned. With Sekelutu's help he prepared an expedition, and set out bravely westward, through the thick forest and then across the more open country to the distant coast. It took Livingstone seven months before at last he reached the Portuguese colony of Angola, where he was kindly treated. Here he was offered a passage home to England, but he refused. He had promised his native companions to take them back to Sekelutu, so he turned his back on the coast, and at last reached Linyanti once again.

We cannot tell the whole story of these great journeys of Livingstone, though they are full of adventure and amusing incident. We must picture to ourselves the sight as the long line of men winds like a snake along the narrow path, through the tall grass or the deep forest. This "safari" consists of many native porters, who carry the loads on their heads. In the bundles are all sorts of things, biscuits, tea, coffee and sugar for food, a bale of

for missionary work was "not a dumpy sort of a man with a Bible under his arm."

The Zambesi expedition was difficult and full of disappointments. The little steamer, the *Ma-Robert*, was a failure. She was leaky, she steamed so badly that she was nicknamed the *Asthmatic*, and she was too deep to go far up the shallow rivers. But despite these difficulties, Livingstone managed to learn much about the Zambesi, and to discover a new lake, Nyasa, about which he had heard rumours before. He took his friends the Makolo servants back to Linyanti, but was sad to find that Sekelutu was very ill.

Then one tragedy followed another. His wife, who had come out to share his travels with him, again fell ill and died. The first missionaries to the new country, sent at Livingstone's special request, caught fever and died too. Livingstone was sickened by the sight of all the cruelty of the slave-raiders, and when at last the Government wrote to him that they would spend no more money on the expedition, he went back to England very depressed.

This was Livingstone's last visit to England, though, of course, he did not know it. He only stayed there long enough to write a new book, just over a year. For Africa was calling, and he could not resist. This time he struck into the continent further north of the Zambesi. He went by himself, with only a few native porters, and several of them deserted him as soon as difficulties began. They fled to the coast, and to justify themselves declared that Livingstone had

been killed. One expedition after another was organised to search for him and find if this were true.

Meanwhile, Livingstone was having a terrible time. His goods were lost or plundered ; his health became so bad that he could neither walk nor ride. He had to be carried in a cot, slung between two faithful servants. He was even forced to travel in company with the hated Arab slave-raiders, though these men treated him kindly. Despite his growing sickness he made some wonderful discoveries, finding new lakes and rivers, including the great Lake Tanganyika. And here at last, at Ujiji, where now the modern railway reaches the lake, Livingstone arrived sick almost to death, with all his supplies exhausted. He was in despair when one of his men cried out that a white man was entering the village. A moment later he found himself face to face with H.M. Stanley.

Stanley had been sent out by an American newspaper to " find Livingstone alive or dead," and by luck and good judgment had met him at Ujiji, in the moment of his greatest need. The two men became fast friends, and for months they travelled together. Stanley gave Livingstone all he required, and sent him up other goods from the coast. He tried hard to persuade him to come back to England. Livingstone refused ; he must stay " just one more year." So Stanley said good-bye reluctantly, and Livingstone started on his last journey. Gradually his health broke down. Again he had to be carried in his hammock. At last one morning at Chitambo's

village, near Lake Bangwealo, his servants found him kneeling by his bed. Livingstone was dead.

His few faithful servants held an anxious conference, and determined that they must carry his body to the coast. Then a solemn funeral was arranged. Chitambo, the chief, and his friends came dressed in their best, and wailed and danced in native fashion. Livingstone's servants fired volleys in the air, while one of them, Jacob Wainwright, who could read, recited the burial service from Livingstone's prayer-book.

Then they embalmed the body, and buried the great heart deep in the ground, where now the monument stands. At last the difficult journey to the coast began. Another of Livingstone's servants, Susi, tall, dark and careworn, with his face still scarred from the smallpox, was in charge. Close beside him strode his chief friend Chuma, a vivacious fellow with lighter skin and dancing eyes. After many difficulties the coast was reached, and the body taken aboard a ship for England. There it was given honourable burial in Westminster Abbey, where lie the great men of Britain. The pall-bearers were all friends of Livingstone in his African days, and one of them was a black man, Jacob Wainwright. Soon after Susi and Chuma are brought to England, to help in the task of writing the story of Livingstone's last journey, from those diaries which they have helped to save.

That is the story of how Livingstone gave his life for Africa. His spirit has changed the country in which he travelled past all knowledge. He

opened the way, and others were quick to follow. Inspired by his books and lectures, new missions were established in the different countries he visited. Schools and hospitals were opened, and after a little time the trade in slaves was swept entirely from the country. Soon Europeans came to live in those lands ; pleasant farms sprang up, railways were built, and small towns appeared. It is true that wherever white men come to live among natives, there are new problems which have to be faced, but Livingstone's work as a pioneer has brought untold good to the countries through which he travelled.

These words of his were inscribed upon his tomb:—

ALL I CAN ADD IN MY SOLITUDE IS :
MAY HEAVEN'S RICH BLESSING COME DOWN
ON EVERYONE, AMERICAN, ENGLISH, OR TURK,
WHO WILL HELP TO HEAL
THIS OPEN SORE OF THE WORLD.

Livingstone's blessing must rest upon the thousands who have followed in the Christian work which he began.

[Livingstone, 1813-73 ; first goes to Africa 1840 ; returns as consul, 1858 ; found by Stanley, 1871.]

Each big town has got its slums where the poorest people live, and often those who live in the nicer parts of the town do not know how bad the slums really are. Gradually we have awakened to the terrible state of affairs. The whole nation and every city is determined to get rid of the slums, but it is a very difficult task. For one thing it is no use just pulling down the slums without building better houses in which the people may live. And for another, it is no use building nice houses if the rent is more than poor people can afford to pay.

We should be quite wrong if we thought that slums were a new problem. All through the past, big cities have had their slums, and Rome itself was famous for its great "islands" or blocks of tenements where the poorest citizens lived. But our slums today are particularly bad, owing to the sudden growth of our cities a hundred years or more ago. And we feel a new responsibility about them, because of the new ideas which have been steadily growing.

In the first story we saw how when times were changing the new machinery was invented, and big factories grew up. Now, at the same time, there was a sudden increase of population, and more people came to live in the towns and round the new factories. They wanted houses at once and they wanted them cheap. In those days no one thought it the duty of the Government to prevent bad building, and so acres and acres of little houses were built as quickly as possible.

These tiny cottages had often no cellar or proper foundations, and the floor of stone was

laid straight on the earth, so that the house was always damp and unhealthy. In many houses there were only two rooms, one above the other, with a narrow staircase, and the front door opening directly from the living room on to the street. The worst sort of houses were those built "back to back"; so that there was no back door or yard, and no ventilation right through. In some towns in the North of England many such bad houses are still standing, and you can easily recognise them, even in good quarters of the town.

Of course, these houses had no water, and it had to be fetched from a pump or outside tap, or even from a dirty stream. Most of these houses had no proper drains, and this meant that the people were often ill. To make things worse, the houses were packed close around each other in narrow courts and alleys, and not on open streets. So the evil smells and heavy air was never blown away by the fresh breezes.

There were other ways, too, in which slums grew up. In some cities, such as Glasgow, instead of the "back-to-back" cottages, tall, well-built sets of flats were erected. But these flats consisted of two or even one room only, for a whole family. And to this day a terrible number of families in Glasgow are still living under these cruel conditions.

Sometimes good parts of a town became slums. As the towns grew bigger the richer people moved further out. Their quarters of the town ceased to be fashionable, and the big houses were let in flats, or even room by room to whole families. The worst result of this was the "cellar dwellings"

in such towns as Manchester and Liverpool, where ill-ventilated underground cellars became the home of several families.

This decay of fashionable quarters of a town is always going on, and you can see it for yourselves today, when you notice how big private houses are being converted into flats, or becoming boarding-houses. Perhaps the most interesting change from a fashionable quarter to a bad slum is in Edinburgh. Here, along the "historic mile" from the castle to the palace at Holyrood, still stand what were once the palaces and town houses of the Scottish nobility. But they are very different from what they were on the day when Mary Queen of Scots rode gaily down the street. For now instead of fashionable people, they are crowded with the poorest citizens, and clothes, hung out to dry over the streets, flap in the breeze instead of flags and pennons.

So, before people quite realized what had happened, they found themselves faced by the factory and the slum. It was not long before they began to try to undo the evil which had grown up. We have seen how Owen ran his model factory at New Lanark, and how Shaftesbury persuaded Parliament to make laws to limit the hours of work and to protect the working people. Other people turned to the problem of the slum.

They soon recognised that these slums were the cause of much of the ill-health of the big cities. Very many of the babies born in such places died young, and even those who grew up were often stunted and sickly. Besides this, the slums were the centre of wickedness and all sorts of evil. Of

course, it was the duty of the new police to stop the crime, and though this was difficult, it was a far easier task than to stop the sickness.

Very soon there came a welcome change. The way in which the towns were governed was quite out of date, and now new councils were set up, and the citizens were given the duty of choosing their councillors. The councillors and the citizens were often proud of their cities, and this "civic pride" made them determine to make their city more beautiful and more healthy. They set to work and passed new rules about building. No more "back-to-back" houses could be put up. Every house had to have proper foundations, a good backyard, a street in front and a lane at the back. From time to time these rules were revised, and the streets had to be made wider and the new houses placed further apart.

These rules were good, and prevented new slums from being built, but it was far easier to do this than to abolish the old ones. Still much was done, and Liverpool boasted that she was the first city to close all cellar dwellings. In the same spirit of rivalry Manchester claims today that she has got less than forty "back-to-back" houses left. In some towns, and in London especially, where distances are so great, big blocks of good workmen's flats have been built.

These changes, however, only made the slums a little less bad. The cities had no real plan for abolishing them, and generally left the building of new houses to the ordinary builders. But when the Great War came to an end ten years ago there was a change. All through the War, people were

too busy to build houses, and after it was over, there were thousands of people who had nowhere to live. So every big town began to build houses, and the Government paid money from the taxes to help them.

You can often see these "corporation building estates" on the edge of the great towns, and you can realise what a change has taken place in our ideals. Instead of the mean courts and narrow alleys, we have open streets and pleasant avenues, and every house has some sort of open space or garden. Yet, there is still one difficulty. These houses often cost more to rent than the poorer people from the slums can afford, and this is a problem which the towns are considering at present.

We have seen how the cities, in friendly rivalry, set themselves to close their cellar dwellings, to improve their slums, and to prevent bad building in future. They did more than this, for a new ideal of a modern city grew up. Wide streets were made with a good paved way and proper sidewalks. Below were laid great sewers, which carried the rain water and all the city's refuse away in safety. Then the streets were lit by night, at first by gas and later by electricity and along these streets the new police patrolled by day and night.

Another change was in the water supply. As the towns grew, so the old wells and streams dried up, or were soon too foul for use, and the little water-works with their short pipes were no longer sufficient. Town after town went further afield to seek a good supply. Thus Manchester drew its

water from the great reservoir of Thirlmere in the Lake District, and is now arranging to make use of Haweswater too. Liverpool went westward, and laid her pipe-line from Lake Vrynwy in Wales.

The old labour of drawing water from a well disappeared, and the new water was soon laid on to every house. By turning a tap one could get plenty of good water, either for washing or drinking. Water was abundant, and soon public baths were built. Here the school children could learn to swim, and those who wished could get a bath for a few pence. In the wash-houses, too, the poor housewife could wash the family laundry.

There were other ideas in men's minds. They wanted more than a clean and healthy town, they wanted one which should be beautiful as well. So the councils began to open parks and gardens. Some were old gardens full of green lawns and old-world flowers, which were kept as open spaces as the city grew; and others were great fields preserved as playgrounds for the children. It was almost impossible to get open spaces in the central parts of the newer cities, but further out we often find a ring of parks.

Then, too, there were new public buildings for the citizens: galleries full of fine pictures, museums for things of interest and beauty, libraries full of books, and halls for public meetings. Some cities do even more, and arrange for bands and concerts, to give their citizens pleasure and amusement.

So the cities have grown and changed during the last century, and if the people who knew them a hundred years ago could come back, they would scarcely recognise them today. In spite of all

this change for the better, we can hardly call these cities beautiful, for most of them have a heavy pall of smoke hanging over them and shutting out the sun. Yet even this is changing, for new ways are found by which the smoke itself can be consumed. Great schemes are also afoot for making more use of electricity throughout the country, instead of coal furnaces with their smoky chimneys.

With all these changes and improvements, the city councils were faced with one great difficulty, which is still unsolved. The great towns were there, with the big populations and the evil slums. The councils could not just pull down the slums and start again. That would cost so much money that it was felt to be impossible. Often the whole town had grown without any plan, gawky and lopsided, with narrow streets and a jumble of buildings great and mean, side by side. It was only gradually that streets could be widened, corners cut off, and open spaces arranged.

Every one must have heard of Sunlight Soap and Bournville Cocoa, but few have actually seen the wonderful villages where they are made. Lever at Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, and the Cadburys at Bournville, near Birmingham, have built model villages of which Owen might have dreamed when he began to inspect his factory people's cottages at New Lanark. In both these villages there are well built and attractive cottages and houses, with public gardens and open spaces, halls, and museums.

Here we have an example of what can be done in a new way. The two villages were built by the employers, so that their workpeople might live

among pleasant surroundings near their work. Of course, other people could not live in them, but they were a sign of the times. They showed the change in ideals from the harshness of the early factory owners and the squalor of the evil houses to the newer idea of the responsibility of the great employer. They were important too, because they showed what could be done by the careful planning of a whole area before any houses were built at all.

The great difference between English towns and towns in America and on the Continent is in the lack of plan in our cities. Often the Continental cities have been laid out anew by some king or ruler, and many of them have a band of pleasant gardens all round the centre of the town. These gardens represent the old fortifications, which have only recently been pulled down. But in England, where we have had no war for centuries, the old fortifications disappeared long ago, and were completely built over.

Nowadays, many of the English towns are trying hard to remedy this lack of planning. In some cases the scheme for pulling down the slums are giving the cities a new chance, and where they can afford it they are making new squares and open boulevards. Better still, each town and district is looking to the future. Special town-planning committees are considering the best way in which the town and the surrounding district shall develop. So we may feel secure that the blunders of the past shall never be repeated.

It is so easy to make a mistake and so difficult to get back on the right road. Such names as

Comely Bank and Angel Meadow, Barley Fields and Primrose Lane, remind us of the time before the town engulfed these pleasant places, and turned many of them into slums. Yet we are steadily winning back what has been lost. The new ideal of the city beautiful we owe to a little-known host of city fathers and generous citizens. It is an ideal which every town can achieve, but only with the help of each man and woman, boy and girl, who lives within its bounds.

[Municipal Reform Act, 1835, made new and better councils to govern the towns]

CHAPTER XII

Books for All

NOWADAYS every child can read, and everybody, young and old, who lives in a town of any size can go to the library and borrow a book to take home to read, without having to pay for it. This is so simple to most of us that we often forget how different things are today from what they were even a short time ago. We have read the story of Bell and Lancaster, and how they started the early schools in which boys and girls could learn how to read. Now we shall see how the libraries grew up. For it is no use being able to read if one has not got the books.

A good library today is a busy and often a crowded place, with its reading room stocked with newspapers and magazines, where people come to see the news, to study the advertisements, or to

pass an idle hour over a magazine. In the lending department, others change the books they have borrowed for new ones, helped by the catalogues, or go in amongst the shelves to look at the books themselves. These "open access" libraries are the best, for people can dip into a book, and see whether it will interest them before they take it out. In many places there are special children's sections, and there the boys and girls cluster around the shelves which contain their own favourite books of story and adventure.

So it is today, but there was nothing like that a hundred years ago. There were some libraries, it is true, such as those of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and the British Museum, but these could only be used by scholars and learned folk. There were others, too, of a very different sort. In several towns the workmen had founded clubs, and got together small collections of books. They often subscribed a few pence to buy them, and then the books went the round from hand to hand, and soon became thumbed and dirty.

The richer people, too, had a few lending libraries in the fashionable towns, but there was only one really free library in England, and that had been founded in Manchester. For a certain Humphrey Chetham, who died during Cromwell's time, had left all his books and a sum of money to found a free library for the people. And there it is to this day.

At last some of the leading men in Parliament determined to do something in the matter. First of all they appointed a committee to find out what

was the actual state of affairs, and to suggest what should be done. Nearly eighty years ago this committee met, and it soon found out how behind-hand England was in this matter of libraries. London was particularly bad, and just those places which had needed the new police so badly were found to be the worst off for books. It seemed as if crime and ignorance went hand in hand. The committee reported "that a kind of literary darkness seems to prevail over the vast extent of the newly-formed portions of the metropolis."

It was not only London which was in darkness. One of the witnesses surprised the committee by giving them a map of Europe which showed in colour the number of books each country possessed, per head of its population. People were amazed to find that England and Holland were shown dead black—they were the worst countries in Europe; even a backward country like Russia had more books than England.

These inquiries of the committee shocked Parliament so much that it was decided to make a new law allowing the city councils to build libraries, if they wished, from the public money. You will remember that it was just about this time that citizens were beginning to take an interest in their cities, and to try and do away with the bad conditions of the past. This plan to found libraries was one of the ways in which the city beautiful was to be brought about.

It seems hard to believe today that anyone could have objected to this new plan for city libraries which should be free to everyone. Some people did object none the less. One of these

was a certain Colonel Sibthorpe, who said in Parliament that "he did not like reading at all, and he hated it at Oxford." And so, of course, no one was to have public libraries! Later, the poor colonel was so indignant at what was being done that he declared in irony that "they would be thinking of supplying the working classes with quoits, peg-tops, and footballs."

The truth of the matter was that such people did not believe in education. They thought that if the "lower orders" were not able to read and write, they would know little, and so be less liable to give trouble. They did not want them to have books to read, lectures which they might attend, or places where they might meet and talk matters over together. Fortunately, only a few people were so narrow-minded as this, and a new law was safely passed.

At once the big cities, such as Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and others, began to build their libraries, and gradually the smaller towns followed suit. At first the councils were not allowed to buy books, only to build the library, and so they had to depend on gifts of books for their shelves. And very strange books they got too, at times. Soon a further law was passed which allowed the councils to buy books for their libraries, and even newspapers too. This new rule gave a chance for another outburst to an indignant old gentleman who feared the libraries would become "mere newspaper reading rooms and sedition clubs."

In this way city libraries were slowly growing up in the chief towns, and people were coming

more and more to use them, at first by reading the books and papers in the news-room and reference library. Later, a new plan was adopted by which the reader could borrow his book for a short time, and take it home to read in peace. So far the making of the libraries was the work of the citizens in the various towns, with their city councils, but now a great change was brought about by one man. This man was a Scot, whose name is familiar to every one today, Andrew Carnegie.

It was in a tiny cottage in the town of Dunfermline in Scotland that "Andra" Carnegie was born. For his father was a weaver, and very poor at the time. Andra was only twelve when he went away with his parents and his younger brother to America, but he loved Dunfermline very dearly. Its old abbey, the beautiful Pittencrief Glen, which he later presented to the town as a public park, and the narrow streets of the town were all full of happy memories. When he became a rich man, nothing pleased him more than to make the people of Dunfermline happy.

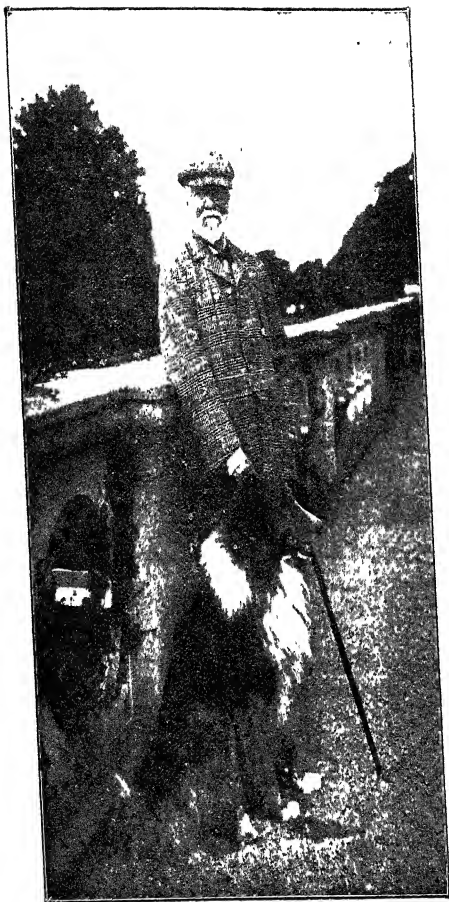
When this little family went to America, some eighty years ago, they settled near Pittsburg, in the "Middle West." In those days the railways were just spreading throughout America, and the towns were growing at an amazing rate. Andra soon began to earn his living, first as a messenger boy for the new telegraph company and then, when he learnt to send messages, as a telegraph operator. Soon his chance came, and he went to help one of the officials on the new railway. He was now seventeen and he quickly showed his ability. One day, when his chief was out, an accident occurred

on the line. Though only a junior clerk, Andra took the responsibility of giving orders and starting all the trains again in his master's name. He was well known on the line as "Mr. Scott's Andra," and he was soon made a superintendent.

So far the story of Andrew Carnegie is only the tale of a bright boy who got on well at his job. Now he took the step which was to make him one of the richest men in the world. The new railways needed metal rails, and Carnegie with some friends began to manufacture them. He next formed another firm to make bridges. All over the country there were rivers and gorges which had to be crossed by the railway. Here was a great chance for business, and Carnegie's bridges were always well made and stood firm. Since they were made of iron they could not burn, and they never collapsed.

Carnegie gave up his post on the railway and devoted himself to his new schemes. He began to smelt the metal he needed, instead of buying it. Soon he had some of the biggest furnaces for making iron and steel in the United States. Then he went further, and took over the quarries from which the ironstone was dug, and then he got the coal mines too.

In those days trade was booming, and Carnegie soon became very wealthy. The "little white-haired Scottish devil," who had left Dunfermline with his family to seek his fortune in America, was now one of the richest men in the world. But great wealth always seemed to Carnegie a responsibility, and he tells us how he planned to distribute what he had gained.



ANDREW CARNEGIE.

The photograph was taken at Carnegie's Scottish home Skibo Castle where he lived in later life.

This part of the story is perhaps the most interesting. Many men have become very rich, but few, if any others, have devoted themselves to giving away their wealth. Yet this was what Carnegie did. He retired entirely from business that he might give all his attention to his new work. And this new work kept him busy for the rest of his life.

It is not possible here to give even a list of the things he did with his money. Pensions and welfare funds for his workpeople, and for his old friends on the railway. A great institute, with library, museum, and art gallery, for his town of Pittsburg. A "hero fund" for different countries, to help the dependents of those who suffered or lost their lives doing noble deeds. A Peace Palace, built at The Hague in Holland, to house the new international court of justice. And in Scotland, a scheme by which any young Scottish boy or girl of promise who desired to go to the University, could have his or her fees paid by the Carnegie Fund.

These are only some of the ways in which Carnegie tried to make his wealth a blessing to the people of the world. But for us his work in making libraries is the most important. When he was still a young boy without any money to buy books, a certain Colonel Anderson lent his books freely to the working lads, and Carnegie made good use of this opportunity. Later, he founded a free library in Alleghany City, and dedicated it to Anderson, with this inscription:—

"He opened his library to working boys, and upon Saturday afternoons acted as librarian,

thus dedicating not only his books, but himself to the noble work. This monument is erected in grateful remembrance by Andrew Carnegie, one of the 'working boys' to whom were thus opened the precious treasures of knowledge and imagination through which youth may ascend."

Carnegie was always proud that his father was one of five poor weavers who founded the first circulating library, of a few dozen books, in Dunfermline. "The history of that library was interesting," writes Carnegie. "It grew, and was removed no less than seven times from place to place, the first move being made by the founders, who carried the books in their aprons and two coal scuttles, from the hand-loom shop to the second resting-place." To Carnegie, then, "the true University of these days is a collection of books." And so he was always ready to give money for founding libraries. One of the first which he established was in Dunfermline, and then he began helping any city, whether in Britain or the United States, which would maintain a library.

In little more than sixteen years he had given money for founding and equipping close on three hundred libraries. By his help there grew up libraries in every town of any size in Britain, and in many there were set up branch libraries in the different suburbs, and people who lived far away from the centre of the town could get their books close at hand.

At last Carnegie determined to arrange that the good work should go on, even after his death. So some twenty years ago he founded his Trust for the United Kingdom. Its aim was the "improve-

ment of the well-being of the masses of the people of Great Britain and Ireland," and Carnegie explained that he wished it to devote special attention to libraries.

So far only the towns had benefited by Carnegie's library schemes. Now his Trust, from its home in his old town of Dunfermline, decided to do something for the people who lived in the hamlets and the country villages. With the help of Carnegie's money the county councils were encouraged to try the experiment of a circulating library. Books were collected at the county town, and sent out in boxes from time to time to the different villages. There, from the institute or the country school, the villagers could borrow their books. Some counties tried another plan, and arranged for motor vans to be fitted up with book-shelves. As these vans went from village to village, the people could come to this travelling library and choose their own books. It is not much more than ten years since the scheme began to work, but now practically every county has its rural library.

Andrew Carnegie, old in years but young in spirit, was living in Scotland when the Great War broke out, and the tragedy overwhelmed him. He was a Scot who had become an American citizen. He believed in the friendship of nations, and in the wickedness and absurdity of war, and he had spent his time and money to help the peoples of the world. Now he felt discouraged and worn out, old age fell upon him, and soon afterwards he died.

Of all the great things which Carnegie tried to

do, the best was his gift of the libraries. No one can tell what books may mean to boys and girls, to men and women, who are able through them to gain knowledge and understanding. In this, at least, we may recognise Andrew Carnegie as one of the benefactors of the human race.

[Andrew Carnegie, 1835-1919 ; went to U.S.A., 1848.
Public Libraries Act, 1850.]

CHAPTER XIII

The Brotherhood of Man

SO far all the stories in this book have told of human progress. We have seen in what different ways men have become kinder to each other. How slavery has been abolished, and how deliberate cruelty has disappeared from prison, mine, and factory. How people have been able to lead the better life, with school and hospital, with nicer houses, and towns more wisely planned. How they can move about more freely and more safely by road and rail, send letters to each other, and know more of the world and of themselves by studying books.

Yet with all these changes and improvements of the last two hundred years, there is one evil which to many people has seemed to be getting steadily worse. And that is the evil of war. This our last story will tell how men have tried, and are trying today, to do away with war altogether.

If we had been telling the story of nations in this book instead of the story of life in England,

there would have been many tales of war. For during a great deal of the time covered by our stories, countries were at war, and there was hardly a year when some nation was not fighting another. The greatest war of the whole period, until quite recent times, was the struggle against the Emperor Napoleon in France, carried on by England and the other nations of Europe. This lasted nearly a quarter of a century.

Of course, in the story of wars we should have found fine tales of brave men who did noble deeds, and gave their lives for their country. This it is which gives such a thrill to these parts of history. Every one knows the story of such famous heroes as Nelson, who died of wounds in the midst of battle aboard his ship the *Victory*, or of Wellington, the great general who drove the Napoleonic armies out of Spain. Then there are the tales of bravery and endurance in the Indian Mutiny—the march of Havelock to the relief of Lucknow, and the joy which was brought to the poor people shut up in that city when they heard the skirl of the pipes.

Such stories are legion and they always have a strong appeal. They stir our hearts and bring a lump into our throats. We should do well to remind ourselves, however, that every nation has such stories, and the children of each country have their favourite heroes. This is as it should be, for every great occasion calls forth the man, and in every war there is bravery and self-sacrifice on both sides.

We remember the great deeds and are proud of them. The tales are told again and again until

they become almost legends. But there is another side to the story which is generally forgotten, though it is right that we should remember it too. This is the misery and horror which war always brings about. There are the terrible hardships endured by the soldiers, the pain and suffering from wounds and disease, and the death which often follows. At home the anxious women wait for news, and thousands of widows and orphaned children remember the war to their cost. The civilians suffer too, from shortage of food, high prices, and other evils.

But worst of all there is the terrible and useless waste of good things. The waste of young life cruelly cut off, the waste of money and energy devoted to destruction. Then there is the great load of debt which is left for future generations to pay; and the high taxes and high prices which follow. To all this we must add the evil passions and the suspicion and hatred which are encouraged by war, and which take so long to die out.

Now this is a dark picture indeed. Yet it is right that we should look on it, and recognise it as the other side to the picture of heroism and self-sacrifice which is our usual memory of war. It is too easy as time slips by to forget the unpleasant side, and a false glamour grows around the wars of the past.

For a long time there have been people in every country who have recognised this, and for many years they have sought some way in which war could be prevented for the future. One scheme after another has been tried, and failed. In time of peace each nation felt the need of working

with its neighbours in many ways. Meetings of different sorts were held, and agreements signed. Countries had to help each other in all sorts of matters—in posts and telegraphs and telephones, in the prevention of crime, and in the sharing of knowledge. Eventually a court was set up to try to settle disputes between different countries. Many of the nations agreed to settle their quarrels by arbitration instead of by fighting.

Every one saw these different agreements, but few people really trusted them. Each nation felt it must be ready to protect itself, and each built up a still bigger army, until Europe seemed to be an “armed camp,” with soldiers simply waiting to fly at each other’s throats. Here England was in a different position, for we were in an island and so depended on our navy. Our army was small, but our navy was the biggest in the world and became stronger than ever.

So it came about that some twenty years ago the nations were spending more money than ever on armies, and yet were feverishly anxious to make treaties of arbitration. And every one was nervous. It was just as if the world was suffering from hysteria. Then, as many people had feared and expected, war broke out as if by accident, and within a few days almost every great Power in Europe was at war with its neighbour. At last, practically the whole world was fighting, and even those countries which managed to remain neutral were greatly affected by war conditions.

We cannot tell here the story of the Great War, or how at last the Allies wore down the

A glance at Wilson's face shows him as the bookman and the thinker rather than the statesman and man of action. Yet this great idealist, devoted to the idea of world peace, was destined to lead his country into the thick of the Great War. At first he did all he could to avoid it. From Washington's days onwards the United States' policy had been to avoid "entangling alliances," and to keep itself clear from European quarrels.

At first Wilson tried to hold the balance even, and from time to time protested to the fighting Powers. This almost became a joke, and *Punch* published a cartoon, "President Wilson writes another Note." At last he had to take the plunge, and America joined the Allies. But from the first Wilson let it be understood that the United States wanted something more than the mere defeat of the enemy.

When peace drew near he published his "Fourteen Points," or principles, on which a just peace should be made. In one of them he laid down the need for some permanent association of the nations which should prevent war in the future.

From this idea the League of Nations grew. The story of the making of the peace is long and complicated, and does not come into this tale. Wilson soon found that it was quite impossible to get all his high-sounding ideas accepted, but he stuck to his plan for a League through thick and thin.

In two ways Wilson made the League of Nations what it is. He and his friend agreed

with our own countrymen in drafting the general plan for a League so widely that there was ample room for development afterwards. The French, who always think very clearly and logically, wanted to define everything in careful words. This would probably have led to difficulties, and they were persuaded to accept the other plan.

Next, Wilson wanted above all things to make sure that the Covenant, or Constitution, of the League was part of the peace treaty itself. Many people thought at the time that this was wrong. They felt it would be better to make peace first, and to give more time to thinking out the details of the League. But Wilson was adamant, and he got his way. Today, most people feel that he was right. For if all the difficult questions of the League had been left over, they might never have been settled at all.

As it was, the work was done in the heat of the moment, when people were fresh from the horrors of war. The League actually sprang into being, and it has been developing ever since.

We should be wrong if we thought that Wilson alone made the League. In all the big countries, plans were being discussed, and especially in France and England. In our own country a committee had drawn up a plan which helped the statesmen greatly when the Covenant was drafted. Many of our countrymen helped in different ways, but two names we remember especially. The one is General Smuts, the South African soldier-statesman, who had studied law at Cambridge, and helped Wilson at Paris when the League was being

discussed. The other is Lord Cecil, who has since devoted his life to the work of making the League understood in this country.

Thus the foundations were laid down. A Covenant, or written Constitution, set up a League or Society of Nations, with a council of statesmen from the chief nations, who meet four times a year. Then yearly, at Geneva, there meets the Assembly, a sort of Parliament, with representatives from every nation which is a member of the League. Here matters of every sort are discussed, and after each speaker sits down, upjumps the official interpreter to translate his speech into English, French and German. A slow business indeed, but a strange sign of the times to see delegates from most of the nations of the world meeting together in regular session.

It is only most of the nations, however, and not all. For Russia, where a sudden revolution had upset the old Government, is still outside, and so is the United States. It was the tragedy of Wilson's life that he could not persuade his people to overcome their old plan of standing apart from Europe. He was not re-elected President and soon afterwards he died. And the United States still remains outside the League, though in many ways she is more than willing to help the other nations.

Meanwhile, every year the League is doing good work. In our own country during the last century, men have gradually learnt more of the way in which their fellow-citizens live. As their knowledge has grown greater, so has their sympathy

and their desire to help. We have seen with what results. In the same spirit committees of the League are at work on all sorts of matters of general interest to all countries of the world—matters connected with health, education, industry and scientific knowledge. So the co-operation of which Robert Owen dreamed is being applied to international affairs, and we may hope that the knowledge which each nation gains of the other will make for the progress of mankind.

There is another side to the League which we must remember. All nations who join the League sign the Covenant, and pledge themselves not to go to war with League members until special steps have been taken to settle the dispute by other means, and have failed. And so we see today an actual League of Nations working steadily through many disappointments to arrange for the nations to disarm, and to settle their quarrels in friendly fashion. There are many who feel that no "scrap of paper" can prevent war. If real quarrels arise between great Powers, war, they say, is inevitable. There are others who argue that the practice of war between nations will give way to settlement by arbitration or by law, just as the duel or the blood feud between private persons has itself disappeared. We cannot prophesy, but we can only watch Geneva, where the greatest experiment which mankind has ever made is on its trial.

EPILOGUE

SOME two thousand years ago, in the hilly country of distant Palestine, there lived a seer whose very name we do not know. This man thought deeply of many things, and one day there came to him a vision, sent by God. He saw, as it were in a great procession, the endless stream of mankind, stretching from the distant past forward to his own day. Here and there among the countless host he recognised some man or woman who had aided the progress of their race by a great discovery or invention, by a noble life or a willing self-sacrifice. Fired by this vision, the seer was inspired to write one of the noblest songs of man. The seer has long since gone to his rest, but his song remains for ever. This is the song he sang :—

Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat
us.

The Lord hath wrought great glory by them through His
great power from the beginning.

Such as did bear rule in their kingdoms, men renowned
for their power, giving counsel by their understand-
ing, and declaring prophecies;

Leaders of the people by their counsels, and by their
knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and
eloquent in their instructions;

Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in
writing;

Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their
habitations;

All these were honoured in their generations, and were
the glory of their times.

There be some of them that have left a name behind
them, that their praises might be reported.

And some there be which have no memorial ; who are perished as though they had never been ; and are become as though they had never been born ; and their children after them.

But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten.

With their seed shall continually remain a good inheritance, and their children are within the covenant.

Their seed standeth fast, and their children for their sakes.

Their seed shall remain for ever, and their glory shall not be blotted out.

Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore.
